Boanerges and *Barnabas*

JUDGMENT and MERCY, Or, WINE and OYLE.

FOR
Wounded and Afflicted
SOULES.

In two Parts.

BY
FRA: QUARLES.

The 4th Edition.

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A Preface to the Reader.

THe great and generall decay of religion in this nation, as it juſtly gives occaſion of wonder, ſo it is of concernment great enough to excuſe the trouble of enquiring into the true cauſes of ſo great a declenſion of piety. And beſides our owne experience it is eaſily obſerved out of all the hiſtory of the Church, that a long peace and a continuall ſucceſſion of proſperous times leads on to the corruption of the faith, the decay of holineſſe and charity. The Church of Chriſt hath ſeldome beene a gainer by a temporall peace; as ſhe grew in riches and power, ſhe ſtill went leſſe in piety and holineſſe. Religion as it puts not on ſuch beauties, as allure the eye of the world, ſo it needs not the warmth of Halcyon

dayes to breed in: like ſome precious gummes, it diſtills in greateſt plenty, after ſtormes and violent thunders. And faith and holineſs have never more flouriſhed, then when the Profeſſors of it have been well exerciſed by the perſecutions of the Adverſaryes. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lyon, worrying the little flock of Chriſt, *devouring and breaking in pieces and ſtamping the reſidue with his feet*, yet all this miſchief is more then abundantly recompenſed by thoſe great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant ſufferings and exemplar patience of the Saints. Inſomuch that the miſchief he doth in calm and proſperous times is more to be feared, becauſe not ſo eaſily diſerned & prevented, when by his ſerpentine ſubtilty he inſinuates into the people of God, the leven of ſpirituall pride, ſchiſme,

Daniel. 7. 7.

ſchiſme, contempt or neglect of his word, with all the evills, that wantonneſſe or ſecurity bring in their retinue, ſo that as the bleſſings of peace uſe to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reaſon to mention them in our penitentiall threnes and the ſongs of our ſorrow. This cauſe hath had an univerſall influence, and corrupted even ſome of thoſe, whoſe Sacred Office obliged them to maintaine the purity and ſincerity of religion either with their doctrine or their blood.

Whence the ſecond cauſe has its riſe: The great remiſſneſs both of civil and of ſacred diſcipline. This made men either tranſgreſſe the Lawes with impunity, or be cenſured with partiality. For the Eccleſiaſtick power (with greif I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not ſo ſtrongly bent againſt prophaneneſſe as duty and neceſſity did require. To which I may adde that,

whoſe parentage is of the ſame cauſe; the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the ſins they were to reprove, then the vertues and precepts they taught. The world had ſo high a place in ſome of their hearts, that themſelves ſoone found little intereſt in the hearts of the world. And when the Diſpenſers of religion fall into contempt, it muſt be a ſtrong arm, and more then that of fleſh, that can bare up religion it ſelf, and keep that from falling too. As government in the Church was intended a remedy againſt Schiſme, ſo the corruption of government let in Schiſmes and Factions in a full channell.

And that is a third cauſe of the decay of piety, *viz.* The Schiſmes, which have ſo ſhaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from heaven can reſtore it again to its former ſtrength and ſoundneſſe. An abuſed zeale hath

hath had his evill influence upon the doctrines of almoſt all parties, that they have reſpectively thought the beſt way to find a truth, was to ſtand themſelves at the greateſt diſtance they could from their opponents. That there were few parts either of Faith and Obedience which were not by ſome diſſenting parties reported as needleſſe ſuperſtition or ſinfull, upon no better ground then this, that the thing could not be good in it ſelf, becauſe it came from an adverſary: a ground as vain, as if the Spaniard ſhould refuſe the Gold with which his Indian fleet comes home laden, becauſe it comes from the Antipodes of his imperiall City. By this meanes Faith and good Workes, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance & Evangelicall Holineſſe, Prayer in Formes and *Extempore* have been alternately cryed up to one anothers prejudice or loſſe. And the effect hath been as ill, as the principle was full

of errour and miſtake. And from theſe diſputes, the concluſion hath been made by many, that religion might be well enough preſerved and God ſufficiently ſerved without any of theſe; that what any faction diſputed againſt was not at all neceſſary, that the inſtances of all duty were ſo cleerly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be ſtrong enough to make a tender conſcience doubt of the neceſſity. If theſe ſpeculations had beene confined to the Schools, the miſchief had ſpread no further then the noiſe of their wranglings, but ſince they have beene the exerciſe and trouble of the weakeſt underſtandings and the moſt illiterate men, they that held their religion by the weakeſt tenure, have firſt quitted the poſſeſſion: So the publike aſſemblies have been made to ſerve the ends of faction, or wholly forſaken, and the hours of prayer have called them too ſeldome into their

their closets: And the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there heare the sweet whispers of peace and comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For (the fourth cause) mistaken zeale hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not onely Theologicall but Politicall too, with more respect to the interest of their party, then that of religion & the kingdome of Jesus. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, & charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts: And while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plaine necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety like the Milesian Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting the care of the way he walked in, he fell into a lake,

where he ended his life and ſpeculation too. And this evill prevailed the more, becauſe,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of ſufficient maintenance in many places of the land for the ſupport of faithfull and able Miniſters. Such from their pulpits might have rebuked this fooliſh ſpirit, that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach obedience and practicall religion, inſtead of ſublime notions, and uſeleſſe myſteries and empty controverſies, and who would eſteeme it more honour, and find more comfort in ſubduing one luſt then to have fathom'd all the depths of ſuch knowledge.

By all which it appeares, that the diſeaſe is dangerous enough to need a remedy: and that the Reader hath many things beſide his private concernments to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himſelf

ſelfe from the epidemicall guilt of theſe evills is to contend againſt them by prayer and practiſe: and that the right uſe of this book may be of ſome efficacy to reſiſt the growth of the evill, I have thus much reaſon to warrant my belief, becauſe it hath already beene more then once ſo well entertaind abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader (who hath already, I ſuſpect, too often looked forward toſee how farre it is to the end of this addreſſe) to diſcourſe to him of the Author, or this work. His owne pen has ſet him forth more, then now to need either Panegyrick or teſtimonials. And the uſefulneſſe of the work I had rather the Reader ſhould underſtand by his owne experience then mine. If he be devout, the title and deſigne will invite his eye and pleaſe it too: if not, I have no temptation to adde any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of ſcoffing religion and

religions

religious books.

If it be thought neceſſary that ſomething may be ſaid to compoſe the Readers mind concerning forms o fprayer, becauſe of *Extemporie* effuſions are the onely acceptable ſacrifice, what uſe can there be of this Eſſay? I ſhall only ſay this, that the truly pious Reader may make uſe of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a patterne or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifeſt, the word of God is wholly ſilent in determining, whether we ſhould uſe formes of prayer or *extempore*, and in other inſtances ſuch ſilence is taken for an argument of indifferency. But however, the gift of prayer conſiſts not in a volubility of tongue, and ready command of words (that hath ſupernaturall, and this onely naturall cauſes) but in the true affection & ſincerity of the heart: For many graceleſſe perſons and meere hypocrites have been obſerved to excell

excell in a readineſſe of affectionate expreſſion, and a great command of Scripture phraſe. But let the pious Chriſtian ſeriouſly reflect upon his ſins with a true and a growing ſorrow, and worke his heart into a deep affection of his wants and a due apprehenſion of that Majeſty to whom he makes his addreſſe (to which end he may receive great aſſiſtance from this book) and he who makes ſuch preparation, will want neither the gift nor reward of prayer, whether his prayers be ſet and compoſed or *extempore*. And if I may but feele the beſt effects of the prayers of this booke offered up to heaven with a ſpirit truely broken and humbled (If the Chriſtian Reader pleaſe to believe I deſerve ſo much charity from him) I ſhall not be without reward, nor he uſe this booke without benefit.

A ſhort narrative of the Authors Life.

COncerning thoſe we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the ſtone be of price, we are not contented the leaſt fragment ſhould periſh. Know then that the Author of this booke was a Gentleman of an ancient family. His Father was *James Quarles* of *Rumford* Eſquire, Clerk of the Greencloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to *Queen Elizabeth*, yonger Brother to Sir *Robert Quarles*. After his education at ſchoole in the Country and at Chriſts Colledge in Cambridge, and laſt at Lincolnes Inne, he was for ſome time Cupbearer to the *Queen* of *Bohemia*, and then Secretary to the Reverend and learned the late *Lord Primate* of *Ireland*. Laſt of all Chronologer to the *City* of *London*, in which office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent teſtimony if Death had not kept him from finiſhing what he had deſigned and begun. He was the Huſband of one wife, and by her the Father of eighteen children. As in his life he had been moſt religious, ſo was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died *September* 8. 1644. being two and fifty yeares old, and lieth buried in the pariſh Church of S. *Foſter London*.

The

Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Soules.

PART I.

The ſenſuall mans Solace.

COme let's be *merry* and rejoyce our ſoules in *frolique* and in *freſh delights*; Let's skrue our pamperd hearts a pitch beyond the reach of dull-browd ſorrow; Let's paſſe the ſlow-pac'd time in melancholy-charming *mirth*; and take the advantage of our *youthfull* dayes; Let's baniſh *care* to the dead Sea of Phlegmatick *old age*: Let a *deepe ſigh* be *high Treaſon*, and let a *ſolemn look* be adjudg'd a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My ſerious *ſtudies* ſhall be to draw *mirth* into a Body, to analyſe *laughter*, and to paraphraſe upon the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations* ſhal be to ſtill *Pleaſure* into a quinteſſence, to reduce *Beautie* to her firſt principles, and to extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milkwhite Doves of *Venus*. Why ſhould I ſpend my precious minutes in the ſullen and dejected ſhades of *ſadneſs*? or ravell out my ſhort-liv'd dayes in ſolemn and heartbreaking *Care*? Houres have Eagle wings, and when their haſty flight ſhall put a Period to our numbred dayes, the world is gone with us, and all our forgotten joyes are left to be enjoyed by the ſucceding Generations, and we are ſnatcht we know not how, we know not whe-

His Sentence.

whether, and wrapt in the dark boſom of eternall night. Come then, my ſoul, be wiſe, make uſe of the *Time preſent*, that which is gone is paſt recalling, loſt, and not to be redeem'd. Eat thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp downe *care* in *frolique* cups of liberall Wine; Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and ſteep thy ſtupid ſenſes in unctions, in delightfull *ſports*: Tis all the portion that this tranſitory world can give thee. Let Muſick, Voices, Maſques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholy wiſedome cenſures *vaine*, be thy *delights*; And let thy care abjuring ſoule *chear up* and *ſweeten* the ſhort dayes of thy conſuming *youth*. Follow the *wayes* of thy own *heart*, and take the freedome of thy ſweet *deſires*: Leave no *delight* untryed, and ſpare no coſt to heighten up thy *Luſts*. Take *pleaſure* in the *choyce* of *pleaſures*, and pleaſe thy curious *eyes* with all *varieties*, to ſatisfie thy ſoul in all things which thy heart *deſires*. I, but my ſoul, when thoſe *evill dayes* ſhall come wherein thy *waſting pleaſures* ſhall preſent their *Items* to thy *bedrid view*, when all *diſeaſes* and the *evils of age* ſhall muſter up their Forces in thy craſy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

Conſider O my Soul, and know, that the day will come, and after that, another, wherein for all theſe things,

God will bring thee to judgment, Eccleſ. 11. 9.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowfull, and the end of that mirth is heavineſſe.

Eccleſ. 2. 2.

I ſaid in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleaſure, and behold this alſo is vanitie. I ſaid of laughter, It is madde; and of mirth, What doth it?

James 5. 5.

Ye have lived in pleaſure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nouriſhed your hearts as in the day of ſlaughter.

Eccleſ. 7. 4.

The heart of the wiſe man is in the houſe of mourning: but the heart of fooles is in the houſe of mirth.

Iſid. in Synonymis.

Pleaſure is an Inclination to the unlawfull objects of a corrupted minde, allured with a momentory ſweetneſſe.

Hugo.

Senſuality is an immoderate indulgence of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a ſtrong plague, a dangerous potion, which effeminates the body, and enervates the ſoule.

Caſſ. Lib. 4. Ep.

They are moſt ſenſible of the burthen of affliction that are moſt taken with the pleaſures of the fleſh.

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat hast thou now to say, O my soul, why this *judgment*, seconded with divine *proofes*, backt with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy owne *Corruption*: Remember, the wages of flesh are *sinne*, and the wages of sinne, *death*: God hath threatned it, whose *judgments* are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are *truth*. Consider then my soule, and let not *momentary pleasures* flatter thee into *eternitie of torments*. How many, that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou t; ifflest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poore deluded soule, *presume* no longer; Repent *to day*, least *to morrow* come to late: Or couldst thou travell out thy dayes beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas, what will *Eternitie* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand yeers? Be wisely provident therefore O my soule, and bid *vanitie* the common sorceresse of the world, fare well; life and death are yet before thee, *Chuse life*, and the God of life will seale thy *choyce*. *Prostrate* thy selfe before him who delights not in the *death* of a *sinner*, and present thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His

His Prayer.

O God in the beautie of whose holinesse is the *true joy* of those that *love* thee, the *full happinesse* of those that *feare* thee, and the *onely rest* of those that *prize* thee; In respect of which the *transitory pleasures* of the world are *lesse than nothing*, in comparison of which the greatest *wisedome* of the world is *folly*, and the *glory* of the earth but *drosse* and *dung*; How dares my boldnesse thus presume to presse into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just *wrath* and heavie *indignation*? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lipps deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But Lord, the *merits* of my Saviour are greater then the *offences* of a sinner, and the sweetnesse of thy *mercy* exceeds the sharpnesse of my *misery*. The horrour of thy *judgements* have seized upon me, and I languish through the sence of thy *displeasure*. I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soule, and set my affections upon the *vanitie* of the deceitfull world; I have taken *pleasure* in my *foolishnesse*, and have vaunted my self in mine *iniquitie*; I have flattered my soule with the *hony* of *delights*, whereby I am made sensible of the *sting* of my *affliction*; wherefore I loath, and utterly abhorre my selfe, and from the bottome of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold O Lord, I am impure and

vile

vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine own Corruptions; The Sword of thy displeasure is drawne out against me, and what shall I pleade O thou preserver of mankinde? Make me a *new Creature* O my God, and destroy the *old man* within me. Remove my affections from the love of *transitory things*, that I may runne the way of thy *Commandements*. Turne away mine eyes from beholding *vanitie*, and make thy *Testimonies* my whole *delight*. Give me strength to discerne the *emptinesse* of the *creature*, and inebriate my heart with the *fulnesse* of thy *Joyes*. Be thou my portion O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sinke under the *corruptions* of my heart: let not the house of *mirth* beguile me, but give me a sence of the *evill* to come. Accept the free-will offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name; then will I magnifie thy mercies O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

Delicate and tender members become not a head stuck with thornes.

The

The Vain-glorious mans Vaunt.

WHat tell'ſt thou me of *Conſcience*, or a *pious* life? They are good *trades* for a *leaden* ſpirit, that can ſtand *bent* at every *frowne*, and wants the *braines* to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to atchieve that *honour* which might *glorifie* their *names*, and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of Fame. Tis true, *Humilitie* is a *needfull gift* in thoſe that have no Qualitie to exerciſe their *pride*; and *patience* is a *neceſſary Grace* to keepe the world in *peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole skinne*, and often proves a *vertue* borne of a meere *neceſſitie*. And civill *Honeſty* is a *faire pretenſe* for him that hath no *wit* to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher ſtile than *Foole*. And bluſhing *modeſty* is a pretty *innocent qualitie*, and ſerves to vindicate an eaſie nature from the imputation of all *ill-breeding*. Theſe are *inferiour Graces*, that have not got a *good opinion* in the *dull wiſdome* of the world, and appear like *water* among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politique*, and keepe it from *combuſtion*; nor doe they come into the *worke* of *honour*. *Virtue* conſiſts in *Action*, and the *reward* of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the *great ſoule* of the *little world*, and is the *Crowne* of all *ſublime attempts*, and the *point* whereto the *crooked wayes* of policy are all *concentrick*. *Honour* conſiſts not with a *pious*

His

His Verdict.

life. Let those that are *ambitious* of *a religious reputation* abjure all *honourable Titles*, and let their *dough bak'd* spirits take a pride in *sufferance* (the Anvile of all injuries) and bee thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murthers, treasons, dispossessions, riots, are veniall things to *men* of *honour*, and oft co-incident in high pursuites. Had my dull *Conscience* stood upon such nice points, that little *honour* I have wonne had glorified some other arme, and left mee *begging Morsells* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Id factum juvat, quod fieri non licet. Feare not* to doe, what *crownes* thee being done. Ride on with thy *honour*, and create a *name* to live with faire *Eternitie*. Enjoy thy purchas'd *Glory* as the *merit* of thy *renowned Actions*, and let thy memory entaile it to succeding Generations. Make thy own game; and if thy *Conscience check* thee, *correct* thy sawcy *Conscience*, till shee stand as mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe*. Feare not the *frownes* of *Princes*, or the *imperious hand* of various *Fortune*: Thou art too *bright* for the one to obscure, and too *greate* for the other to cry downe.

But hark my soul, I hear a voyce that thunders in mine ear,

Hos. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into shame.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 49. 20.

MAn that is borne in honour and underſtandeth not, is like the beaſts that periſh.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Hony, ſo for men to ſearch their owne glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 22.

Thus ſaith the Lord: Let not the wiſe man glory in his wiſedome, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he underſtandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be deſirous of vainglory, &c.

St. Auguſt.

The vaine glory of the world is a deceitfull ſweetneſſe, an unfruitfull labour, a perpetuall feare, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finiſhed not without repentance.

Chryſoſt.

If thou deſir'ſt to be magnified and accounted honourable, Deſpiſe honour, ſo ſhalt thou be honour'd even of all.

St. Greg.

He that makes tranſitory honour the reward of a good worke, ſets eternall glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquie.

Vaine glory is a *Froth* which blown off discovers a great *want of measure*: Canst thou O my soule be guiltie of such an *emptinesse*, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou appeare in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy selfe, O my soule, nor flatter thy selfe with thine owne *greateneſſe*. Search thy self to the bottome, and thou shalt finde enough to *humble* thee. Dost thou glory in the *favour* of a Prince? The *frowns* of a Prince determine it. Dost thou glory in thy *strength*? A poore *Ague* betraies it. Dost thou glory in thy *wealth*? The hand of a *theefe* extinguishes it. Behold my soul, how like a *Bubble* thou appeareſt, and with a *Sigh* break into sorrow: The *gate* of heaven is *strait*; canst thou hope to enter without *breaking*? The *Bubble* that would passe the Floodgates must first *dissolve*; My soule melt then in *teares*, and emptie thy selfe of all thy *vanitie*, and thou shalt finde divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou shalt recruite thy greatneſſe to eternall *Glory*.

His

His Prayer.

AND can I chooſe O God but tremble at thy *Judgements*? Or can my ſtony heart not ſtand amazed at thy *Threatnings*? It is thy voyce O God, and thou haſt ſpoken it: It is thy voyce O God, and I have heard it. Hadſt thou ſo dealt by mee, as thou diſt by *Babels* proud King, and driven me from the ſonnes of men, thou hadſt but done according to thy righteouſneſſe, and rewarded me according to my deſervings: What couldſt thou ſee in me leſſe worthie of thy vengeance, than in him the example of thy juſtice? or Lord, wherein am I more uncapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in mee to move thy *mercy* but my *miſery*. Thy *goodneſſe* is thy ſelfe, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it ſelfe; yet have I ſinned againſt that *goodneſſe*, and have thereby heaped up wrath againſt the day of wrath; that inſomuch, had not thy Grace abounded with my ſinne, I had long ſince been confounded in my ſinne, and ſwallowed up in the Gulph of thy diſpleaſure. But Lord thou takeſt no delight to puniſh, and with thee is no reſpect of perſons: Thou takeſt no pleaſure in the *confuſion* of thy creature, but rejoyceſt rather in the *converſion* of a ſinner. Convert me therefore O God, I ſhall be then converted: Make me ſenſible of my owne corruptions, that I may ſee the vileneſſe of my owne condition. Pull downe the *pride* of my ambiti-

ous heart; *humble* me thou O God, and I ſhall be humbled; Weane me from the thirſt of *tranſitory honour*, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *conſcience* with the *feare* of thy name, that in all my actions I may feare to offend thee. Endue me O Lord with the ſpirit of *meekneſſe*, and teach me to overcome evill with a *patient* heart: *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my paſſion, and give me *temperate* uſe of all thy creatures. Repleniſh my heart with the Graces of thy ſpirit, that in all my wayes I may be acceptable in thy ſight. In all conditions give me a *contented* minde, and upon all occaſions grant mee a gratefull heart, that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may bee *glorified* hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels, where filled with *true glory* according to the meaſure of Grace thou ſhalt be pleaſed to give mee here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praiſe thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chryſoſt.

They who have deſpiſed all the temptations of riches, and have defiled themſelves with no wordly imagination, and have nobly reſiſted the ſtrong impulſes of concupiſcence, oftentimes being overcome with vainglory have loſt all.

The Oppressors Plea.

I Seeke but whats my owne by *Law*; It was his *owne free Act* and *Deed*: The execution lies for *goods* or *body*, and *goods* or *body* I will have; or else my *money*. What if his beggerly *children* pine, or his proud *wife* perish? They perish at their *owne* charge, not *mine*, and what is that to mee? I must be *paid*, or he *lie by it* untill I have my *utmost farthing*, or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled bythat, how can my faire proceedings be *unjust*? What's *thirty in the hundred* to a man of Trade? Are wee borne to thrum Caps or pick strawes? and sell our *livelyhood* for a few *teares*, and a whining face? I thanke God they move me not so much as a *howling* dog at midnight. I le *give no day* if *heaven* it selfe would bee *securitie*: I must have *present money* or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then, and had he had but a thriving witt, with the necessary help of a *good merchantable conscience*, hee might have gained perchance as much as now he lost; but howsoever, gaine or not gaine, I must have my *money*. Two tedious *Termes* my deareſt gold hath laine in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suite* hath made mee bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travell, halfe pintes, and bribes; all which does but encrease my beggerly defendants

His Punishment.

damages, and sets him deeper on my score; but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteene shillings in the pound composition? Ile hang first. Come, tell not mee of a *good conscience*, a good conscience is no parcell of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* than all the loose wives in the universall Citie. My conscience is no foole. It tells me that my owne's my owne, and that a well-cramm'd *bagge* is no deceiptfull friend, but will stick close to me when all my *friends* forsake mee: If to gain a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regain a desperate debt which is as good as nothing, bee the fruits and signe of a *bad conscience*, God help the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to heaven bee to turne *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what ye call *Oppression*; The *Law* is my direction; but of the two it is more profitable to oppresse than to be oppreſt. If debtors would bee honeſt and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *baggs*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

But hah! what voyce is this that whispers in mine eare,

The Lord will spoile the soule of the Oppressors, Prov. 22. 23.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 21. 22.

Robbe not the poore becauſe hee is poor, neither oppreſſe the afflicted in the gates: for the Lord will pleaae their cauſe, and ſpoile the ſoule of them that have ſpoiled him.

Ezeck. 22. 19.

The people of the land have uſed oppreſſion, & excerciſed Robbery, and have vexed the poore and needy; yea, they have oppreſſed the ſtranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have conſumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true jugdment, and ſhew mercy and compaſſion every man to his brother, and oppreſſe not the widdow nor the fatherleſſe, nor the ſtranger, nor the poore, and let none of you imagine evill in your hearts againſt his brother: But they refuſed to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hoſts.

Bernard. p. 1691.

We ought ſo to care for our ſelves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. ibid.

He that is not mercyfull to another ſhall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be mercifull and compaſſionate, thou ſhalt be a benefactor to thy owne ſoule

His Soliloquie.

IS it wiſdome in thee O my ſoule to covet a *happineſſe*, or rather to account it ſo, that is ſought for with a *judgment*, obtained with a *Curſe*, and puniſhed with *damnation*; And to neglect that *good* which is aſſured with a *promiſe*, purchaſed with a *bleſſing*, and rewarded with a *Crown* of Glory? Canſt thou hold a *full eſtate, a good pennyworth*, which is bought with the deare price of thy Gods *diſpleaſure?* Tell me, what continuance can that *Inheritance* promiſe that is raiſed upon the *ruines* of thy Brother; Or what *mercy* canſt thou expect from heaven, that haſt denyed all *mercy* to thy *Neighbour*? O my hardhearted ſoule conſider, and relent: Build not an houſe whoſe poſts are ſubject to be rotted with a *curſe*: Conſider what the God of truth hath threatned againſt thy *crueltie*; Relent, and turne *compaſſionate*, that thou maiſt be capable of his *compaſſion*. If the *deſire of Gold* hath hardned thy heart, let the *teares* of true *Repentance* mollifie it; ſoften it with *Aarons oyntment*, untill it become like Wax to take the impreſſion of that *ſeale* which muſt confirme thy *Pardon*.

His

His Prayer.

But will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying ſin too loud for Pardon? Am I not ſunck too deepe into the Jaws of Hell, for thy ſtrong arme to reſcue? Hath not the *hardneſſe* of my *heart* made me uncapable of thy compaſſion? O if my teares might waſh away my ſinne, my head ſhould turne a living Spring. Lord I have heard thee ſpeake and am affraid; the word is paſt, and thy judgments have found me out. Fearfulneſſe and trembling are come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have overwhelmed me: I have *oppreſſed the poore*, and added *affliction* to the *afflicted*, and the voyce of their miſery is come before thee. They beſought mee with teares, and in the anguiſh of their ſoules, but I have ſtopt mine eares againſt the cry of their complaint. But Lord, thou walkeſt not the wayes of man, and remembreſt mercy in the midſt of thy wrath; for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compaſſion to all that ſhall call upon thee. Forgive mee O God my ſinnes that are paſt, and deliver me from the guilt of my *Oppreſſion*. Take from me O God this heart of ſtone, and create in me a heart of fleſh. Aſſwage the vehemency of my deſires to the things below, and ſatisfie my ſoule with the ſufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filiall love, & encline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence,

dence. Let me account *godlineſſe* my greateſt *gaine*, and ſubdue in me my *luſts* after filthy *lucre*. Preſerve me O Lord from the vanity of *ſelfe-love*, and plant in my affections the true *love* of my *neighbours*. Endue my heart with the bowels of *compaſſion*, and then reward me according to thy righteouſneſſe. Direct me O God in the wayes of my life, and let a good Conſcience be my continuall comfort. Give me a willing heart to make *reſtitution* of what I have wrongfully gotten by *oppreſſion*. Grant me a lawfull uſe of all thy Creatures, and a thankfull heart for all thy benefits. Be mercifull to all thoſe that groane under the burden of their owne wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praiſe and thankſgiving; that living here a new life, I may become a new creature, and being engraffted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruite to thy honour and glory.

S. Cryſoſt.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money, which is bedewed with the teares of the Oppreſſed.

The

The Drunkards Jubile.

WHat *Complement* will the ſeverer world allow to the *vacant houres* of frolique hearted *youth*? How ſhall their *free*, their *joviall ſpirits* entertaine their *time*, their *friends*? What Oyle ſhall be infuſed into the Lampe of deare *ſocietie*, if they deny the privilege of a civill rejoycing *Cup*? It is the *life*, the *radicall humor* of *untied ſoules*, whoſe love digeſtive heate even ripens and ferments the greene materialls of a plighted faith; without the helpe whereof *new married friendſhip* falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd *acquaintance* ſoone reſolves into the firſt Elements of *ſtrangeneſſe*? What meane theſe ſtrict *Reformers* thus to ſpend their hour-glaſſes, and bawle againſt our harmeleſſe *Cups*? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with ſtiles of looſe *Intemperance*? where they can ſit at a ſiſters Feaſt, devour and gurmandize beyond exceſſe, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their furfeits in the long fuſtian Robes of a *tedious Grace*. Is it not much better in a faire friendly *Round* (ſince youth muſt have a ſwing) to ſteep our ſoule-afflicting ſorrows in a chirping *Cup*, then hazard our eſtates upon the abuſe of providence in a fooliſh caſt at *Dice*? or at a *Cockpit* leave our doubtfull fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull contention? or ſpend our wanton dayes in ſacrificing coſtly

preſents

preſents to a *fleshly Idoll*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilerate the *drooping hearts*, and raiſe the drowzie ſpirits of *dejected ſoules*? Is not the liberall *Cup* of the *Sucking bottle* of the ſonnes of *Phœbus*, to ſolace and refreſh their palates in the nights of ſad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* ſpend their idle breaths, my *cups* ſhall bee my *cordials* to reſtore my care-befeebled *heart* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned *mirth*: My ſolid *Braines* are potent, and can beare enough, without the leaſt offence to my diſtempered *Senſes*, or interruption of my boone companions: My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expreſſions of my compoſed thoughts with better ſenſe, than theſe my grave *Reformers* can their beſt adviſed prayers. My *Conſtitution* is pot-proofe, and ſtrong enough to make a fierce encounter with the moſt ſtupendious veſſell that ever ſailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reaſon* ſhrinkes not; my *paſſion* burnes not.

O but my ſoule, I heare a threatning voyce that interrupts my language,

Woe be to them that are mightie to drinke Wine, Eſay. 5. 22.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1.

VVIne is a mocker; ſtrong drinke is raging; and whoſoever is deceived thereby is not wiſe.

Eſay. 5. 11.

Woe be to them that riſe up early in the morning to follow ſtrong drinke, that continue till night, untill wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Bee not amongſt wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 1.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company; if any that is called a Brother be a drunkard, with ſuch a one, no not to eate.

Aug. in lib. Pen.

Whilſt the drunkard ſwallows wine, wine ſwallows him; God diſregards him, Angels deſpiſe him, Men deride him, Vertue declines him, the devill deſtroyes him.

Aug. ad. ſac. virg.

Drunkeneſſe is the mother of all evill, the matter of all miſchif, the well-ſpring of all vices; the trouble of the ſenſes, the tempeſt of the tongue, the ſhipwrack of chaſtitie, the conſumption of time; a voluntary madneſſe, the corruption of manners, the diſtemper of the body, and the deſtruction of the ſoule.

My

His Soliloquie.

MY ſoule, It is the voice of God, digeſted into a *judgment*: There is no kicking againſt *Pricks*, or arguing againſt a divine *Truth*; Pleadeſt thou *Cuſtome?* Cuſtome in *ſinne* multiplies it: Pleadeſt thou *ſociety?* Society in the *offence* aggravates the puniſhment: Pleadeſt thou *help to Invention?* Woe be to that *barrenneſſe* that wants ſuch *ſhowers*: Pleadeſt thou *ſtrength* to beare much Wine? *Woe to thoſe that are mighty to drink ſtrong drink.* My ſoule, thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Creator* in abuſing that *creature* he made to ſerve thee; Thou haſt ſinned againſt the *creature*, in turning it to the *Creators* diſhonour; Thou haſt ſinned againſt *thy ſelfe*, in making thy *comfort* thy *confuſion*. How many want that *bleſſing* thou haſt turn'd into a *curſe?* How many *thirſt* whilſt thou *ſurfeiteſt?* What *ſatisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the *creature*, to *thy ſelfe*, againſt all whom thou haſt tranſgreſſed? To *thy ſelfe*, by a *ſober life*; To the *creature*, by a *right uſe*; To thy *Creator*, by a true *Repentance*: the way to all which, is *Prayer* and *Thanksgiving*.

His

His Prayer.

HOw truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sinne? How many judgements are compriſed, and abſtracted in this woe, and all for me, even me O God, the miſerable ſubject of thy eternall wrath; Even me O Lord, the marke whereat the ſhafts of thy diſpleaſure levell? Lord, I was a ſinner in my firſt conception, and in ſinne hath my mother brought me forth; I was no ſooner, but I was a ſlave to ſinne, and all my life is nothing but the practiſe and trade of high Rebellion; I have turn'd thy bleſſings into thy diſhonour, and all thy graces into wantonneſſe: Yet haſt thou beene my God even from the very wombe, and didſt ſuſtaine me when I hung upon my mothers breaſt; Thou haſt waſhed me O Lord from my pollution, but like a ſwine I have returned to my mire; Thou haſt glaunced into my breaſt the bleſſed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the ſpringtides of my in-born corruption; I have vomited up my filthineſſe before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be mercifull O God unto me, Have mercy on me O thou Son of *David*. I cannot O Lord expect the childrens bread, yet ſuffer me to lick the crummes that fall beneath their table. I that have ſo oft abuſed the greateſt of thy bleſſings am not worthy of the meaneſt of thy favours. Look, look upon

upon me according to the goodneſſe of thy mercy, and not according to the greatneſſe of my offences: Give me O God a *ſober* heart, and a lawfull *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclame my appetite from unſeaſonable delights, leaſt I turne thy bleſſings into a curſe. In all my dejection bee thou my comfort, and let my rejoycing be only in thee. Propoſe to mine eyes the evilneſſe of my dayes, and make me carefull to redeeme my time. Weane me from the pleaſure of vaine *ſocietie*, and let my *Companions* be ſuch as feare thee. Forgive all ſuch as have been partners in my ſinne, and turne their hearts to the obedience of thy Lawes. Open their eares to the reproofs of the wiſe, and make them powerfull in reformation. Allay that luſt which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanſe my affections with the grace of thy good ſpirit; make mee thankfull for the ſtrength of my body, that I may for the time to come returne it to the advantage of thy glory.

S. Aug.

It is moſt ſhamefull, that luſt ſhould ſubdue him, whom the ſtrenght of man cannot: that he ſhould be overcome with wine, that ſcornes to ſtoop to anothers ſword.

The Swearers Apology.

WIll *Boanerges* never ceaſe? And will theſe *Plague-denouncers* never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling eare? Nothing but *plagues?* Nothing but *judgments?* Nothing but *damnation?* What have I done to make my caſe *deſperate?* And what have they not done to make my ſoule *deſpaire?* Have I ſet up falſe Gods like the *Egyptians?* Or have I bowed before them like the *Iſraelites?* Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines?* Or like curſed *Cham* have I diſcovered my fathers nakedneſſe? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas?* Or like *Abſolon* defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like *Jacob* ſupplanted my elder brother? Or like *Ahab* intruded into *Nabals* Vineyard? Have I borne falſe witneſſe like the wanton *Elders?* Or like *David* coveted *Uriahs* wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my *purſe* been hidebound to my *hungry* brother? Hath not my *life* been *blameleſſe* before men? and my *demeanour unreproveable* before the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *vertue* with a due reſpect? What meane theſe *ſtrict obſervers* of my life, to ranſack every *action*, to carpe at every *word*, and with their ſharp cenſorious tongues to ſentence every *frailty* with *damnation?* Is there no *allowance* to humanity?

humanity? No *Graines* to fleſh and blood? Are we all *Angels*? Has mortality no *priviledge* to ſupersede it from the utmoſt puniſhment of a little *neceſſary* frailty? Come, come, my ſoul, let not theſe *judgment-thunders* fright thee: Let not theſe *Qualmes* of their *exuberant zeale* diſturbe thee. Thou haſt not curſed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshekah*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor ſlander'd like thy *accuſers*. They that cenſure thy *Gnats* ſwallow their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant ſtile of thy diſcourſe doe chance to ſtrike upon an obvious *Oath*, art thou ſtraight hurried into the boſome of a *Plague*? What if the *cuſtome* of a harmleſſe *Oath* ſhould captivate thy heedleſſe tongue, can nothing under ſudden *judgment* ſeize upon thee? What if anothers *diffidence* ſhould force thy earneſt lips into a hatty *Oath*, in confirmation of a ſuffering *truth*; muſt thou be ſtraight wayes branded with *damnation*? Was *Joſeph* mark'd for everlaſting death, for ſwearing by the life of *Egypts* King? Was *Peter* when he ſo denied his maſter, ſtraight damn'd for *ſwearing*, and forſwearing? O flatter not thy ſelfe my ſoule, nor turne thou *Advocate* to ſo high a ſin: Make not the *ſlips* of Saints a *precedent* for thee to *fall*.

If the *Rebukes* of fleſh may not prevaile, hear then the *threatning* of the Spirit which ſaith, *The Plague ſhall not depart from the houſe of the ſwearer.*

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

Thou ſhalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vaine; for the Lord will not hold him guiltleſſe that taketh his Name in vaine.

Zach. 5. 3.

And every one that ſweareth ſhall be cut off.

Matth. 5. 34.

Sweare not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is Gods Throne, nor by the Earth for it is his footſtoole: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay for whatſoever is more then theſe cometh of evill.

Jer. 23. 10.

Becauſe of ſwearing the Land mourneth.

Aug. in Ser.

The murtherer killeth the body of his brother, but the ſwearer murthers his owne ſoule.

Auguſt. in Pſal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to ſweare, leſt by cuſtome of ſwearing (in as much as we are apt to miſtake) we commit perjury: ther's none but God can ſafely ſwear becauſe ther's no other but may be deceived.

Auguſt. de Mendacio.

I ſay unto you, Sweare not at all leſt by ſwearing ye come to a facility of ſwearing, from a facility to a cuſtome, and from a cuſtome ye fall into perjury.

His

His Soliloquie.

O What a *judgement* is here! How terrible! How full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diſeaſes! none ſo mortall, none ſo comfortleſſe! It makes our houſe a *Priſon*, our friends *ſtrangers*; No *comfort* but in the expectation of the *months* end: I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too; *The Plague ſhall never depart from the houſe of the ſwearer*: What never? *Death* will give it a Period: No, but it ſhall be entail'd upon his *houſe*, his *family*: O deteſtable! O deſtructive ſin! that leaves a *Croſſe* upon the doores of *Generations*, and layes whole *families* upon the duſt; A ſin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleaſure* allures, nor *Neceſſity* compells, nor *Inclination* of nature perſwades; a meer *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, & continued with an *habituall* preſumption. Conſider O my ſoule, every *Oath* hath been a nayle to wound that *Saviour* whoſe *blood* (O mercy above expreſſion) muſt ſave thee: Be ſenſible of thy *Actions* and his *ſufferings*: Abhorre thy ſelf in *duſt* and *aſhes*, and magnifie his Mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from thee. Goe waſh thoſe wounds which thou haſt made with teares, and humble thy ſelfe with Prayer, and true Repentance.

His

His Prayer.

ETernall and omnipotent God, before whoſe glorious name Angels and Archangels bow and hide their faces, to which the bleſſed Spirits, and Saints of thy tryumphant Church ſing forth perpetuall *Hallelujahs*. I, a poor Spring of diſobedient *Adam* doe here mak bold to take that holy Name into my ſinpolluted lippes: I have hainouſly ſinned O God gainſt thee, and againſt it; I have diſparaged it in my thoughts, diſhonoured it in my words, profaned in it my actions, and I know thou art a jealous God, and a conſuming fire, as faithfull in thy promiſes, ſo feareſull in thy judgments; I therefore flie from the dreadfull name of *Jehovah*, which I have abuſed, to that gracious Name of *Jeſus*, wherein thou art well pleaſed; in that moſt ſacred Name O God I fall before thee, and for his beloved ſake O Lord I come unto thee. Cleanſe thou my *heart* O God, and then my *tongue* ſhall praiſe thee: waſh thou my *ſoule*, O Lord and then my *lipps* ſhall bleſſe thee. Worke in my heart a feare of thy diſpleaſure, and give me an awfull reverence of thy *Name*. Set thou a Watch before my *lippes*, That I offend not with my *tongue*. Let no reſpects entice me to be an inſtrument of thy *diſhonour*, and let thy *attributes* be pretious in mine eyes: teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me ſenſible of all my offences. Let not my ſinfull *cuſtome* in ſinning

ſinning againſt thy Name take from my guilty ſoule the *ſenſe* of my ſin. Give me reſpect unto all thy Commandements, but eſpecially preſerve me from the danger of this my boſome ſin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy ſervants, and ſtrike into my inward parts a feare of thy judgments. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy preſence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert thoſe judgments from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my ſin hath deſerved, and ſtrengthen my reſolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly ſorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newneſſe of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continuall meditation of the Commandements, and mortifie thoſe paſſions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others induce me to this ſin, nor let the frailties of my fleſh ſeeke Figleaves to cover it. Seale in my heart the full aſſurance of thy Reconciliation, and looke upon me in the bowells of compaſſion, that crowning my weak deſires with thy Allſufficient power, I may eſcape this *judgement* which thy juſtice hath threatned here, and obtaine that *happineſſe* thy mercy hath promiſed hereafter.

S. Cryſoſt. There is none that uſeth to ſweare often, but will ſometimes chance to forſweare: as he that gives the raines to his tongue too much, often ſpeaks that which he bluſhes for in ſilence.

The

The Procraſtinators Remora's.

TEll me no more of *Faſting*, *Prayer*, & *Death*; They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of *Melancholy*. Theſe are no *ſubjects* for a *youthfull* eare; no *contemplations* for an *active* ſoule. Let them whom ſullen *Age* hath weaned from aery *pleaſures*, whom wayward *fortune* hath condemn'd to *ſighes* and *grones*, whom ſad *diſeaſes* have beſlaved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them conſume the remnant of their wretched dayes in dull *devotion*: Let them afflict their aking ſoules with the untunable diſcourſes of *mortality*; Let them contemplate on *evill dayes*, and read ſharp *Lectures* of their own experience. For me, my bones are full of unctious *marrow*, and my blood of ſprightly *Youth*. My faire and free eſtate ſecures from the feares of fortunes *frown*. My *ſtrength* of *conſtitution* hath the power to grapple with ſorrow, ſickneſſe, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. Tis true, God muſt be *ſought*; What impious tongue dare be ſo baſely bold to contradict ſo *known* a *Truth*? And by *Repentance* too; What ſtrange impiety dare *deny* it? Or what preſumtuous lips dare *diſavow* it? But ther's a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no *day deſigned*, but, *at what time ſoever*: If my *unſeaſonable heart* ſhould ſeek him now, the work would be too ſeroius for ſo *green* a *ſeeker*. My thoughts are yet unſetled,

my

His Repulse.

my *fancy* yet too too gamesome, my *judgement* yet unsound, my *Will* unsanctified; To seeke him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way *not to finde* him; or to finde him with *unsetled* resolution is the next way to *lose* him; and indeed it wants but little of *prophanesse*, to be *unseasonably religious*. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the *boyling pleasures* of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drayn my boggy soule from those corrupted inbred *humors* of *collapsed nature*, and when the tender *blossome* of my *youthfull vanity* shall begin to *fade*, my setled *understanding* will begin to *knot*, my solid *judgement* will begin to *ripen*, my rightly guided *Will* be *resolved* both what to *seeke*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*; till then my tender *youth*, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every *flash* of pleasure, misled by *Counsell*, turned back with *fear*, puzzl'd with *doubt*, interrupted by *Passion*, withdrawn with *prosperity*, and discourag'd with *adversity*.

Take heed my soul, when thou hast lost thy selfin thy *journey*, how wilt thou find thy God at thy *journeys end*? whom thou hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve, that day may come wherein *Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him*, Hos. 5. 6.

His

His Proofs.

Eſay. 55. 6.

Seeke the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is neare.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance; though he ſought it with teares carefully.

Luke. 12. 26.

Thou foole, this night thy ſoule ſhall be required of thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a ſpace to repent, but ſhe repented not; Behold therefore I will caſt her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seeke God whilſt thou canſt not ſee him: for when thou ſeeſt him thou canſt not find him: ſeeke him by hope, and thou ſhalt find him by faith; In the day of grace he is inviſible, but neare; in the day of judgment he is viſible, but far off.

Ber. Ser. 24.

If we would not ſeeke God in vaine, let us ſeeke him in truth, often and conſtantly; Let us not ſeeke another thing in ſtead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing, leave him.

His Soliloquie.

O My ſoule, thou haſt ſought *wealth*, and haſt either not found it, or *cares* with it; thou haſt ſought for *pleaſure*, and haſt found it, but no *comfort* in it; Thou ſoughteſt *honour* and haſt found it, and perchance *fallen* with it: Thou ſoughteſt *friendſhip*, and haſt found it *falſe*; *ſociety*, and haſt found it *vaine*; And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleaſure, honour, friendſhip, and ſociety, thou haſt ſlighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wiſe, my ſoule, and bluſh at thy owne *folly*. Set thy deſires on the right *object*. Seeke *wiſdom*, and thou ſhalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of dayes: Seeke *heaven*, and *earth* ſhall ſeeke *thee*; and deferre not thy *Inqueſt*, leſt thou loſe thy *opportunity*: *To day* thou mayſt find him whom *to morrow* thou mayſt ſeeke with teares, and miſſe: Yeſterday is *too late*, to *morrow* is *uncertaine*, to *day* is onely *thine*: I, but my ſoule, I feare me too long delay hath made *this day too late*; feare not my ſoule, he that has given thee his *Grace to day* will forget thy *neglect* of *yeſterday*, ſeeke him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou ſhalt find him in thy Prayer.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy precious Word art *hid* to none, but who are *loſt*, and yet art *found* by all that *ſeeke* thee with an upright heart, caſt downe thy gracious eye upon a loſt ſheepe of *Iſrael*, ſtrayed through the vanitie of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wildernesſe of his owne invention. Lord I have too much delighted in mine owne wayes, and have *put* the *evill day* too *farre from me*; I have wallowed in the *pleaſures* of this deceitfull world, which periſh in the uſing, and have *neglected* thee my God, at whoſe right hand are *pleaſures* for evermore; I have drawne on *iniquitie* as with *Cart-ropes*, and have committed *evill* with *greedineſſe*; I have *quenched* the motions of thy good *ſpirit*, and have *delayed* to ſeek thee by true and unfeigned *repentance*: In ſtead of ſeeking thee whom I have loſt, I have withdrawne my ſelfe from thy preſence when thou haſt *ſought* me. It were but *juſtice* therefore in thee to ſtop thine eares at my petitions, or turne my Prayers as ſinne into my boſome; But Lord, thou art a gracious God and full of pity, & unwearied compaſſion and thy loving kindneſſe is from generation to generation: Lord in *not ſeeking* thee I have utterly *loſt* my ſelfe, and if thou find me not I am *loſt* for ever, and if thou *find* me, thou canſt not but finde me in my *ſinnes*, and then thou *find'ſt* me to my owne *deſtruction*. How miſerable O Lord is

mycondition! How neceſſary is myconfuſion that have neglected to *ſeek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee. But Lord if thou looke upon the all-ſufficient *merits* of thy Sonne, thy *juſtice* will be no loſer in ſhewing mercy upon a ſinner: In his *name* therefore I preſent my ſelfe before thee; in his *merits* I make my humble approach unto thee; in his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his merits grant me my petitions. Call not to mind the *rebellions* of my fleſh, and remember not O God the vanities of my youth: Inflame my *heart* with the *love* of thy preſence, and reliſh my meditations with the *pleaſure* of thy ſweetneſſe. Let not the conſideration of thy *juſtice* overwhelme me in *deſpaire*, nor the meditation of thy mercy perſwade me to preſume. Sanctifie my *will* by the wiſdome of thy Spirit, that I may *deſire* thee as the chiefeſt good. Quicken my *deſires* with a fervent zeale, that I may *ſeeke* my Creator in the dayes of my youth: Teach me to *ſeeke* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promiſe*, that *living* in me here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter *raigne* with thee in *glory*.

Greg.

God that hath promiſed pardon to the penitent, hath not promiſed the reſpite of to morrow to the impenitent ſinner.

The

The Hypocrites Prevarication.

THere is no ſuch ſtuffe to make a *cloak* on as *Religion*: nothing ſo faſhionable, nothing ſo profitable; it is a *Livery* wherein a wiſe man may ſerve two maſters, *God* and the *world*, & make a gainfull ſervice by either: I ſerve both, and in both, *my ſelf*, in *prevaricating* with both. Before *man* none ſerves his God with more ſevere *devotion*, for which among the beſt of men I work my own ends and ſerve my ſelf. In *private* I ſerve the *world*, not with ſo ſtrict *devotion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her ſervants *luſts* I work my end, and ſerve *my* ſelf: The houſe of *Prayer* who more frequents then I? In all Chriſtian *duties* who more forward then I? I *faſt* with thoſe that faſt, that I may *eate* with thoſe that eate: I *mourne* with thoſe that mourne: No hand more open to the *cauſe* then mine, and in their families none *prayes longer* and with *louder* zeale; Thus when the *opinion* of a *holy life* hath cryed the *goodneſſe* of my Conſcience up, my *trade* can lack no *cuſtome*, my *Wares* can want no *price*, my *words* can need no *credit*, my *actions* can lack no *praiſe*: If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted *providence*, If *miſerable*, it is counted *temperance*; if *melancholy*, it is conſtrued *godly ſorrow*; If *merry* it is voted *ſpirituall* joy; If I be *rich*, tis thought the *bleſſing* of a *godly life*; If *poor*, ſuppoſed the fruit of *conſcionable dealing*

His woe.

ing; If I be well *ſpoken* of, it is the merit of *holy converſation*; if *ill*, it is the *malice* of *Malignants*; Thus I ſaile with every winde, and have my *end* in all conditions. This *cloak* in *Summer* keeps me coole, in *winter* warme, and hides my naſty Bag of all my *ſecret luſts*: Under this Cloake I walke in *publique*, *fairely*, with *applauſe*, and in *private* ſinne *ſecurely* without *offence*, and officiate *vilely* without *diſcovery*; I compaſſe Sea and Land to make a *Proſelyte*, and no ſooner *made*, but he *makes* me. At a *Faſt* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feaſt* I cry *Rome*. If I be *poore*, I *counterfeit abundance* to ſave my credit; if *Rich*, I *diſſemble Poverty* to ſave charges. I moſt frequent *Schiſmaticall Lectures*, which I find moſt *profitable*, from whence learning to divulge & maintain *new doctrines*, they maintaine me in *ſuppers* thrice a weeke; I uſe the helpe of a *lie* ſometimes, as a Religious *Stratagem* to uphold the *Goſpell*, and I colour *oppreſſion* with Gods *judgments* executed upon the *wicked*. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary *duty*, therefore not *ordinarily* to be performed. What I *openly reprove abroad* for my own *profit*, that I *ſecretly act at home*, for my own *pleaſure*.

But ſtay, I ſee a hand writing in my heart damps my ſoule, 'tis charactered in theſe ſad words.

Woe be to you Hypocrites, Matth. 23. 13.

His

His Proofs.

Job. 20. 5.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall be desolate.

Psal. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour, but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisie.

Job 36. 13.

The hypocrites in heart heape up wrath, they dye in their youth, and their life is amongst the uncleane.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they professe, and what they pretend in words they disclaime in practise; their sinne is the more damnable, because usherd in with pretence of pietie, having the greater guilt because it obtaines a godly repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinkes him, and counterfeits that holinesse which he hath not.

His Soliloquie.

HOw like a living *Sepulcher* did I appeare! without, beautified with *Gold* and rich *inuention*; within, nothing but a lothed *corruption*; So long as this faire *Sepulcher* was clos'd it paſt for a curious Monument of the *Builders Art*, but being opened by theſe ſpirituall *Keyes*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offenſive *putrefaction*: In what a *naſty dungeon* haſt thou my ſoule ſo long remain'd unitified? How wert thou *wedded* to thy own *corruptions*, that could'ſt endure thy unſavory filthineſſe? The *world* hated me, becauſe I *ſeemed* good; *God* hated me, becauſe I *only ſeemed* good: I had no *friend* but my ſelf, and this friend was my boſome enemy. O my ſoule is there *water* enough in Jordan to *cleanſe* thee? Hath Gilead *Balme* enough to *heale* thy ſuperannuated *ſores*? I have ſinned, I am convinced, I am convicted: Gods *Mercy* is above *Dimenſions*, when ſinners have not ſinn'd beyond *Repentance*: Art thou my ſoule truly *penitent* for thy ſinne? Thou haſt free *Intereſt* in his *mercy*: fall then my ſoule before his *Mercy ſeate*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his *pardon*.

His

His Prayer.

O God before the brightneſſe of whoſe All-diſcerning *eye* the *ſecrets* of my *heart* appeare, before whoſe cleare *omniſcience* the very *entralls* of my *ſoule* lie open, who art a God of righteouſneſſe, and truth, and loveſt uprightneſſe in the inward parts: How can I chooſe but feare to thruſt into thy glorious preſence, or move my ſinnefull lips to call upon that Name which I ſo often have diſhonoured, and made a *Cloake* to hide the baſeneſſe of my *cloſe* tranſgreſſions? Lord, when I looke into the progreſſe of my filthy life, my guilty conſcience calls me to ſo ſtrict account, and reflects me to ſo large an inventory of my *preſumptuous ſinnes*, that I commit a greater ſinne in thinking them more infinite then thy *mercy*. But Lord thy *mercies* have no date, nor is thy *goodneſſe* circumſcribed. The gates of thy compaſſion are alwayes open to a *broken heart*, and promiſe entertainment to a *contrite ſpirit*; the burthen of my *ſinnes* is grievious, and the remembrance of my *hypocriſie* is intolerable; I have *ſinned* againſt thy Majeſty with a *high hand*, but I repent me from the bottome of an *humble heart*: As thou haſt therefore given me *ſorrow* for my ſinnes, ſo crowne that gift in the freeneſſe of *Remiſſion*. Be fully *reconcil'd* to me, through the All-ſufficient *merits* of thy Sonne my Saviour, and ſeale in my afflicted heart the full aſſurance of thy gratious *favour*. Be thou ex-

alted O God above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart; cleanse thou my inward parts O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soule. *Fix* thou my *heart* O thou searcher of all secrets, and keepe my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all *by* and base *respects* that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of *truth* out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitfull* lips. Give me an *inward reverence* of thy Majesty that I might *openly confesse* thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the onely *object*, and *end* of all my actions, and let thy *honour* be my great reward: Let not the *hopes* of filthy lucre, or the *praise* of men incline me to thee, neither let the *pleasure* of the world nor the *feares* of any *losse* entice me from thee. Keepe me from those *judgments* my *hypocrisie* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhorre my former life: Give me strength O God to serve thee with a *perfect heart* in the *newnesse* of *life*, that I may be delivered from the *old man*, and the snares of *death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire affections*, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym.

The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of man, cannot the eye of God: He feares the eye of them that can onely observe, but feares not the eye of God, who will certainly punish.

The

The Ignorant mans faltering.

YOu tell me, and you tell me that I must be a *good man*, and *serve* God, and *doe* his *will*; and so I doe, for ought I know. I am sure I am as *good* as God has *made* me, and I can *make* my self no *better*, so I cannot; And as for *serving* God, I am sure I goe to *Church* as well as the best in the Parish, though I be not so *fine*; And I make no question, if I had better *cloathes*, but I should do God as much credit as another man, though I say it; And as for *doing* Gods *will*, I beshrew me, I leave that to them that are *booke-learn'd*, and can doe it more wisely: I believe the *Vicar* of our Parish *can doe* it, & *has done* it too, as well as any within five miles of his head, & what need I trouble my self to *doe* what is so *well done* already? I hope he being so good a *Churchman*, and so great a *Scholler*, and can speak *Latine* too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for me to know, that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandements* are the best prayers in all the booke, unlesse it be the *Creede*: And that I must love my *Neighbour* as well as he loves *me*, and for all other *Quilts* comes, they shall never trouble my braines, *an Grace a God*. Let me goe a *Sundayes* and *serve* God, *obey* the *King*, (God blesse him) *doe* no man *no wrong*, say the *Lords Prayer* every morning and evening? follow my worke, give a *Noble* to the

poore

poore at my *death*, and then ſay *Lord have mercy upon me*, and goe away like a *Lambe*, I make no queſtion but I ſhall deſerve *heaven* as well as he that weares a *gayer coate*: But yet i'm not ſo *ignorant* neither, nor have not gone ſo often to *Church*, but I know *Chriſt* died for *me* too, as well as for any other man i'de be ſorry elſe; and that next to our *Vicar*, I ſhall goe to *heaven* when I am *dead* as ſoon as another; nay more, I know there be two Sacraments, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papiſts* ſay there be ſix or ſeven) and that I verily believe I ſhall be ſaved by thoſe *Sacraments*; and that I *love* God above all, or elſe 'twere pitty of my life; and that when I am dead and rotten, (as our *Vicar* told me) I ſhall *riſe* againe, and be the ſame man as I was. But for that, he muſt excuſe me, till I have *better ſatisfaction*: for all his learning, he cannot make me ſuch a foole, unleſſe he ſhew me a better reaſon for't then yet he has done.

But one thing he told me, now I think on't, troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Maſter*, all which I confeſſe; and that I muſt *do* his *will* (whether I know how to do it or not) or elſe it will goe ill with me; i'le read it (he ſaid) out of Gods *Bible*, and I ſhall remember the words ſo long as I have a day to live, which are theſe;

He that knoweth not his maſters will, and doth things worthy of ſtripes, ſhall be beaten with few ſtripes, Luke 12. 48.

His

His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren bee not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to rigteousnesse and sinne not; for some have not the knowledge of God, I speake it to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.

Walke not in the vanitie of your minds; having the understanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, because of the blindnesse of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a soul sin and commit any of these things which are forbiden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he wist it not yet he is guilty, and shall beare his iniquitie.

Greg. mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well; but if we cannot attaine both, it is better to desire piety then wisdome; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessednesse consist in intellectuals. The onely brave thing is a religious life.

Just. Mart. resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence then an ignorant trespasse, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse, is more hainous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His

His Soliloquie.

HOw well it had been for thee O my ſoule, if I had *bookelearned*; Alas I cannot *reade*, and what I heare I cannot underſtand; I cannot *profit* as I *ſhould*, and therefore cannot be as *good* as I *would*, for which I am right ſorry: That I cannot *ſerve* as well as my betters, hath been often a great griefe to me, and that I have been ſo *ingrant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me: I can ſay no prayers for want of knowledge to reade, but *Our Father*, and the *Creede*: But the comfort is, God knows my heart, but I truſt in God, *Our Father*, being made, by Chriſt himſelfe, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I indeavour to doe all our *Vicar* bids me, and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after or ſuch a matter, but then ſome old *injury* makes me *forget* my ſelfe, but I cannot helpe it, an my life ſhould lie ont. O my ingrant ſoule, what ſhall I do to be ſaved? All that I can ſay is *Lord have mercy upon me*, and all that I can doe is but to doe my good will, and that ile doe with all my heart, and ſay my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of Heaven have mercy upon me miſerable ſinner; I am as I muſt needs confeſſe a ſinfull man, as my forefathers were before me; I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good leſſons from the mouths of painefull Miniſters, but through the *dulneſſe* of my *underſtanding*, and for *want* of *learning* I have not profited ſo much as elſe I ſhould have done; ſpare me therefore O God, ſpare me whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry for ever; I muſt confeſſe the *painefulneſſe* of my *calling*, & the *heavineſſe* of my own *nature* hath taken from me the delight of *hearing* thy word, and the ignorance of learning which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it, that inſomuch, in ſtead of growing better, I feare I have growne worſe and worſe, and have been ſo far from doing thy *will*, that I doe not *underſtand* what thy *Will is*, very well. But thou O mercifull God that didſt reveale thy ſelfe to poore *Shepheards* and *Fiſhermen* that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon me for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake. Thou that haſt promiſed to inſtruct the *ſimple*, and to leade the ignorant into thy way, be good and mercifull to me I beſeech thee; Thou that draweſt the *needy* out of the duſt, and the *poore* out of the dunghill, give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *ſerve* thee; The *drowzineſſe* of

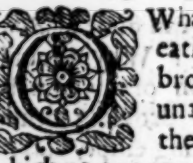
of my *heart*, open mine *eyes* that I may *ſee* the truth, and mine *eares* that I may underſtand thy Word, and ſtrengthen my *memory* that I may lay it up in my *heart*, and ſhow it in my *life* and *vocation* to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy will in my heart, that when I *know* it I may *doe* it willingly. O teach me what thy pleaſure is, that I may doe my beſt to performe it; Give me faith to lay hold of Chriſt Jeſus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may riſe againe and live with him: Give me a good heart that I may deale honeſtly with all men, and doe as I would be done to. Bleſſe me in my calling, and proſper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feede me and cloath me, and to give to the poore: Mend all that is amiſſe in me, and expect from me according to the meaſure thou haſt given me. Forgive me all my ſins, and make me willing to pleaſe thee, that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and ſo at laſt I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake, *Amen*.

Anonym.

That onely is the beſt knowledge that makes us better.

The

The ſloathfull mans ſlumber.



What a world of *Curſes* the eating of the *forbiden fruit* hath brought upon mankinde! and unavoidablely entail'd upon the ſonnes of men! Among all which no one appeares to me more terrible & full of ſorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, than that inſufferable, that horrible puniſhment of *labour*, and to purchaſe Bread with ſo extreme a price as *ſweat*: But O what happe, what happineſſe have they, whoſe *dying Parents* have procured a *quiet* fortune for their unmoleſted *Children*, and conveigh'd deſcended *Rents* to their ſucceeding heires, whoſe *eaſie* and contented lives may ſit and ſuck the ſweetneſſe of their *cumberleſſe eſtates*, & with their folded hands enjoy the delicates of this toylſome world! How bleſſed, how delicious are thoſe *eaſie* morſells, that can find the way to my ſoft palat, & then attend upon the wanton leaſure of my *ſilken ſlumbers*, without the *painefull practiſe* of my boſome folded *hands*, or *ſad contrivement* of my ſtudious and *contracted Browes*! Why ſhould I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning dayes in *toyle* and *travell*? and diſcompoſe the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painefull grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortalitie? Why ſhould I rob my craving eyelids of their delightfull *Reſt*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which every work-

His Doome.

work-abhorring *vagabond* can finde of *Almes* at every good mans doore? Why ſhould I leave the warme protection of my care-beguiling *Doune*, to play the droyling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to worke, nor providence, but heaven) can call and be ſupplied? The pale-fac'd *Lilly* and the bluſhing *Roſe*, neither ſpinnes nor ſowes, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with ſo much glory; And ſhall I then afflict my body, and beſlave my heaven-borne ſoule to purchaſe *Rags* to cloathe my nakedneſſe? Is my condition worſe than *Sheepe* ordain'd for ſlaughter, that crop the ſpringing *Graſſe*, cloath'd warme in ſoft *Arrayment*, purchas'd without their Providence or paines? Or ſhall the pamper'd *Beaſt* that ſhines with fatneſſe, and grows wanton through his carefull *Grooms* indulgence, find better meaſure at the worlds too partiall hands than I? Come come let thoſe take *paines* that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*; The day has grief enough without my helpe; and let *To morrows ſhoulders* beare to morrows *burthens*.

But ſtay my ſoule, O ſtay thy raſh reſolves, take heed whilſt thou avoyd the puniſhment of ſinne, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idleneſs, a *iudgement*;

The idle ſoule ſhall ſuffer hunger, Prov. 19.

Eccleſ.

His Proofs. 1.

Eccles. 10. 18.

By much slothfulnesse the building decayeth, and through idlenesse of the hands, the house droppeth through.

Exod. 16. 49.

Behold, this was the iniquitie of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulnesse of bread, and abundance of idlenesse was in her, and in her daughters, neither did shee strengthen the hand of the poore and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Goe to the Pismire O sluggard, behold her waies and be wise:
For shee having no guide, governour, nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, & gathereth her food in harvest.

Nilus in Paræn.

Idlenesse is the wombe or fountaine of all wickednesse: for it consumes and wastes the riches and vertues which wee have already, and disenables us to get those wee have not.

Ibid.

Woe be to the idle soule, for he shall hunger after that which his riot consumed.

His

His Soliloquie.

HOw presumptuously hast thou my soule transgrest the expresse *Commandement* of thy God! How hast thou dasht thy selfe against his *judgements*! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the *diet*, and weareſt on thy back the *wages* of the painefull soule! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamperſt up thy sides with *stolen food*, and yet thou deckſt thy wanton body with *unearned ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloathe them. Thou art no young *Raven* my soule, no *Lilly*: Where *abilitie* to *labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crownes it: Hee that forbids to *cark* for *to morrow*, denies Bread to the *Idleneſſe* of *to day*. Consider O my soule thy owne *delinquency*, and let *imployment* make thee capable of thy Gods *protection*. The Bird that *sits* is a faire mark for the Fowler, while they that use the *wing* escape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*: What thou hast formerly *omitted*, present repentance may *redeeme*, and what *judgements* God hath threatned, earely *Petitions* may avert.

His

His Prayer.

MOst great and most glorious God who for the sinne of our first parents hast condemned our fraile bodies to the punishment of *labour*, and hast commanded every one a *Calling* and a Trade of life, that hatest *idlenesse* as the *root* of *evill*, and threatnest *poverty* to the *sloathfull hand*; I thy poore suppliant convicted by thy judgments, and conscious of my owne transgression, flie from my selfe to Thee, and humbly appeale from the high *Tribunall* of thy *Justice*, and seeke for refuge in the *Sanctuary* of thy *Mercy*: Lord, I have led a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandall to my profession; have slighted those *Blessings* which thy goodnesse hath promised to a *conscionable calling*, and have swallowed downe the Bread of *idlenesse*; I have *impaired* the *Talent* thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of *doing* much *good*; I have filled my heart with *idle imaginations*, and have layd my selfe open to the *lusts* of the flesh: I have abused thy favours in the *misexpending* of my pretious *time*,, and have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths; I have doted too much on the *pleasures* of this World, and like a *Droane* have fed upon the *hony* of *Bees*. If thou O God shouldst be extreme to search my wayes with too severe an eye, thou couldst not choose but whet thy indignation and powre the vialls of thy wrath upon me;

His Prayer.

me; looke therefore not upon my *sinnes*, O Lord, but through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a ful *satisfaction* for all my sinnes: What through my *weaknesse* I have fail'd to doe, the *fulnesse* of his *sufferings* hath most exactly done: In him O God in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake, be gracious to my sinne; Alter my heart, and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorne my profession. Give me a care and a conscience in my *calling*, and grant thy blessing to the lawfull *labours* of my hands; Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Masters joy. Rouze up the dulnesse and deadnesse of my heart, and quench those *flames* of lust within me. Assist me O God in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my soule from the evilnesse of my dayes. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *imployments* depend upon thy *providence*, that when the labours of this sinfull *world* shall cease, I may feele and enjoy the benefit of a *good conscience*, and obtaine the rest of a new Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

The

The Proud mans Ostentation.

I'Le make him feele the *weight* of my *displeasure*, and teach him to *repent* his *sawcy boldnesse*: How dares his *baseneſſe* once presume to breathe so neare my *person*, much more to take my *name* into his dunghill *mouth*? me thinks the lustre of my *sparkling eye* might have had the power to astonish him into *good manners*, and sent him back to cast his mind into a faire *Petition*, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to presse into my *presence*, to presse so neare my *face*, and then *to speake*, and speake to *me*, as if I were his *equall*, is more than sufferable: The way to be *contemn'd* is to *digeſt contempt*; but he that would be *honour'd* by the vulgar sort must wisely keep a *distance*. A *countenance* that's reserv'd breeds *fear* and *observation*: but *affabilitie*, and too *easie an acceſſe* makes fooles too *bold*, and *reputation Cheape*. What *price* I set upon my owne *deserts*, instructs *optimo* how to *prize* me. That which base ignorance miscalls thy *pride*, is but a conscious knowledge of thy *merits*. *Dejected soules*, craven'd with their owne *distrusts*, are the *worlds Foot-balls* to be kickt & spurnd, but *brave* and true *heroick spirits*, that know the *strength* of their owne *worth*, shall baffold *baseneſſe* and *presumption* into a *Reverentiall silence*, and spice of envy florish in an honourable *repute* Come then my soule, advance

vance thy *noble*, thy ſublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy ſelfe according to thoſe *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equall: Let not the inſolent *affronts* of vaſſals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor ſeeme one ſcruple *leſſe* than what thou art: Be thou thy ſelf, *Reſpect* thy ſelf, receive thou *honour* from *thy ſelf*; Rejoyce thy ſelf in *thy ſelf*, and prize thy ſelf for *thy ſelf*; Like *Cæſar* admit no *equall*, and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *ſuperior*. Be covetous of thine own *honour*, and hold anothers *glory* as thy *injury*. Renounce *humility* as an *Hereſie* in reputation, and *meekenſſe* as the worſt *diſeaſe* of a true-bred noble Spirit; Diſparrage *worth* in all but in thy ſelf, and make anothers infamy a *foyl* to magnifie thy glory. Let ſuch as have no reaſon to be *proud*, be *humbled* of neceſſity, and let them that have no parts to *value*, be *deſpondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good, and having skill enough to play thy hopefull *Game*, *vie* boldly, conquer and triumph.

But ſtay my ſoule, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd, boaſt not too-ſonne, nor call it a faire day till night, the turning of a hand may make ſuch *alterations* in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy *glorious expectations* may chance to end in *loſſe*, and unſuſpected *ruine*. That God which thruſt that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperiall *Throne*, to graze with beaſts, hath ſaid, *The Lord will deſtroy the houſe of the proud*, Prov. 15. 25.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride commeth then commeth ſhame, but with the lowly is wiſdome.

Jer. 11. 15.

Heare ye, and give eare, and be not proud; for the Lord hath ſpoken.

Eſay. 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hoſts ſhall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he ſhall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.

James 4. 6.

God reſiſteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

Iſidor. Hiſpal.

Pride made Satan fall from the higheſt heaven; therefore they that pride themſelves in their virtues, imitate the Devill; and fall more dangerouſly, becauſe they aſpire and climbe to the higheſt pitch, from whence is the greateſt fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride growes ſtronger in the root whilſt it braves it ſelf with preſumptuous advances, yet the higher it climbes the lower it falls: for he that hightens himſelf by his own pride is alwayes deſtroyed by the judgement of God

His Soliloquie.

HOw wert thou *muffled* O my ſoule! How were thine eyes *blinded* with the *corruption* of thine own *heart*! When I beheld my ſelfe by my own *light*, I ſeem'd a glorious thing; my *ſunne* knew no *eclipſe*, and all my *imperfections* were *gilded* over with vaine-glory: but now the *day-ſpring* from above hath ſhin'd upon my heart, and the diviner light hath driven away thoſe foggy *miſts*, I finde my ſelfe another thing: My *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to ſhame. O my deceived ſoule, how great a darkneſſe was thy light? The thing that ſeem'd ſo *glorious*, and ſparkled in the night, by day appeares but *rotten wood*; and that bright *Glow-worme*, that in darkeneſſe outſhined the *Chryſolite*, is by this new-found light no better than a crawling *worme*. How inſeparable O my ſoule is pride and folly! which like *Hippocrates twinnes* ſtill live and die together? It blinds the eye, befooles the judgement, knowes no ſuperiours, hates equals, diſdaines inferiors; the wiſe mans ſcorne, the fooles *Idol*; Renounce it O my ſoule, or thy God renounce *thee*. He that hath chriſtened to reſiſt the *proud*, hath promiſed to give Grace to the *humble*, and what true *Repentance* ſpeakes, free *mercy* heares and crownes

His

His Prayer.

O God the fountaine of all true *Glory* and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is onely *honourable*, and whose works are onely *glorious*, that shewest thy wayes to the *meeke*, and takest compassion upon an *humble* spirit, that hatest the presence of a *lofty* eye, and destroyest the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious eare, and heare the sighing of a contrite heart. I know, O God, the *qualitie* of my *sinne* can looke for nothing but the *extremitie* of thy *wrath*; I know the *crookednesse* of my condition can expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy *indignation*; I know, the *insolence* of my *corrupted nature* can hope for nothing but the *execution* of thy *judgements*: Yet Lord, I know withall, thou art a gracious God, of evill repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and propertie is to show compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takest no pleasure in destruction of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live: In confidence, and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my *bended* knees, and with an *humble* heart. Nor doe I presse into thy holy presence, trusting in my owne merits, lest thou shouldest deale with *me*, as I have dealt by *others*, but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burthen of my sinnes, I come to thee O God who

His Prayer.

art the refuge of a wounded ſoule, and the Sanctuary of a broken ſpirit: Forgive, O God, forgive me, what is paſt recalling, and make me circumſpect for the time to come; Open mine eyes that I may ſee how *vaine* a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth; Give me an inſight of my owne corruptions, that I may truly *know* and loath *my ſelfe*. Take from me all *vaine-glory*, and *ſelfe-love*, and make me careleſſe of the *worlds applauſe*. Endue me with an *humble* heart, and take this *haughty* ſpirit from me; Give me a true diſcovery of my owne *merits*, that I may truly feare and tremble at thy *judgements*. Let not the worlds contempt deject me, nor the diſreſpects of man *diſmay* me. Take from me O God a *ſcornefull eye*, and curb my tongue that ſpeakes *preſumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cheriſh in me a charitabe affection; Poſſeſſe my ſoule with patience O God, and eſtabliſh my heart in the *feare* of thy name, that being *humbled* before thee in the *meekneſſe* of my *ſpirit*, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeneſſe* of thy *Grace*, and crowned with thee in the *kingdome* of *Glory*.

The Covetous mans Care.

BEleeve me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; *Charity* is growne cold, and *friends* uncomfortable; an emptie *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Baggs* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civill *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is *a sickneſſe* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhord* than cured: The beſt Antidote againſt it is *Angelico*, and *Providence*, and the beſt Cordiall is *Aurum potabile*. Gold-taking faſting is an approved ſoveraign. Debts are ill *humors*, and turne at laſt to dangerous *obſtructions*: Lending is a meere *conſumption of the radicall humour*, and if conſumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others truſt to Courtiers *promiſes*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; Give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O bleſſed *Mammon*, how extremely ſweet is thy all-commanding preſence to my thriving ſoule! In baniſhment, thou art my deare *companion*; In captivity, thou art my pretious *ranſome*; in trouble & vexation, thou art my daintie *reſt*. In ſickneſſe thou art my health; in griefe, my onely *joy*; in all extremitie, my onely *truſt*: *Vertue* muſt vaile to thee; Nay *Grace* it ſelfe not reliſht with thy *ſweetneſſe* would even diſpleaſe the righteous palates of the ſonnes of men. Come then my ſoule, adviſe,

His Prayer.

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His Curſe.

viſe, contrive, project; Goe, compaſſe Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untryed, no *path* untrod, no *time* unſpent; afford thine eyes no ſleepe, thy head no *reſt*; Neglect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloath thy *back*; deceive, betray, ſweare and forſweare to compaſſe ſuch a *friend*: If thou be baſe in birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; If weake in power, it will make thee formidable: Are thy friends few? 'Twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cauſe bad? 'Twill gain thee *Advocates*. True, *Wiſdome* is an excellent help, in caſe it *bend this way*; and *learning* is a gentile Ornament, if not too *chargeable*: yet by your leave, they are but eſtates for terme of life: But *everlaſting* Gold, if well advantag'd, will not onely bleſſe thy dayes, but thy ſurviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their braines with deare bought *Wit*, turne their pence into expencefull *charitie*, and ſtore their boſoms with unprofitable *pietie*; let them *loſe* all to *ſave* their imaginary *conſciences*, and *begger* themſelves at home, to be thought *honeſt* abroad; Fill thou thy *baggs* and *barnes*, and *lay up* for many yeeres, and take thy *reſt*.

But O my ſoule, what follows wounds my heart and ſtrikes me on my knees.

Thou foole, this night ſhall thy ſoule be required of thee. Luk. 12. 20.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 6. 24.

Ye cannot ſerve God and Mammon.

Job 20. 15.

He hath ſwallowed downe Riches, and he ſhall vomit them up againe: God ſhall caſt them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 17.

He that is greedy of gaine troubles his own houſe, but he that hateth gifts ſhall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetouſneſſe they ſhall with feigned words make merchandize of you, whoſe judgement now of a long time lingreth not, and whoſe damnation ſlumbreth not.

Nilus in Paranet.

Woe to the covetous, for his Riches forſake him, and hell fire takes him.

S. Auguſt.

O thou covetous man, why doſt thou treaſure up ſuch hidden miſchiefe? why doſt thou dote on the Image of the King ſtamped on coyne, and hateſt the Image of God that ſhines in men?

Idem.

The Riches which thou treaſureſt up are loſt. thoſe thou charitably beſtoweſt are truly thine.

His Soliloquie.

WHat think'ſt thou now my ſoule? If the *judgement* of *holy men* may not *informe* thee, let the *judgements* of thy angry God *enforce* thee: Weigh thy owne carnall *affections* with the ſacred *Oracles* of Heaven, and light and darkneſſe are not more contrary. What thou *approveſt*, thy God *condemnes*; What thou *deſireſt*, thy God *forbids*: Now my ſoule, if *Mammon* be God, follow him, if *God* be God, adhere to him; *Thou canſt not ſerve God and Mammon*. If thy conſcience feele the *booke*, nible no longer. Many ſinnes leave thee in the *way*, this followes thee to thy *lives end*; the *Roote* of evill, the *Canker* of all goodneſſe: It *blinds* Juſtice, *poyſons* Charity, *ſtrangles* Conſcience, *beſlaves* the Affections, *betrayes* Friendſhip, *breakes* all Relations. It is a *Roote* of the Devils own *planting*; *Pluck* it up: Thinke not that a *pleaſure* which God hath *threatned*; nor that a *bleſſing* which Heaven hath *curſed*; *Devoure* not that which thou or thy heyre muſt *vomit* up; Be no longer poſſes'd with ſuch a *Devill*, but *caſt* him *out*; and if he be too *ſtrong*, *weaken* him by *Faſting*, and *exerciſe* him by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the *fulneſſe* of all *Riches*, and *Magazine* of all *treaſure*, in the enjoyment of whoſe favour the ſmalleſt morſell *is a rich inheritance*, and the coarſeſt Pulſe is a *large portion*; without whoſe bleſſing, the greateſt plenty *enriches* not, and the higheſt diet *nouriſhes* not; how have I (an earthworm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this tranſitory world, & neglected thee the onely deſiderable good! I bluſh O Lord to confeſſe the baſeneſſe of my life, and am utterly aſham'd of mine own fooliſhneſſe: I have placed my affections upon the naſty *Rubbiſh* of this world, & have ſlighted the ineſtimable *Pearle* of my ſalvation; I have wallow'd in the *mire* of my inordinate deſires, and refuſed to be waſht in the *ſtreames* of thy compaſſion; I have put my confidence in the *faithfulneſſe* of my ſervant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father; I have ſerved unrighteous Mammon with greedineſs, & have preferred droſſe and dung before the Pearly-gates of New Jeruſalem. Thou haſt promiſed to be all in all to thoſe that feare thee, and not to faile the ſoule that truſts in thee, but I refuſed thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature: But gracious God to whom Repentance never comes unſeaſonable, that find'ſt an eare when ſighes finde a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy

mercy from a penſive ſoule. Give me new thoughts O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my deſires: Informe my will, and ſanctifie my affections, that they may reliſh thy ſweetneſſe with a full delight. Create in me O God a ſpirituall ſenſe, that I may take pleaſure in things that are above. Give me a *contented thankfulneſſe* for what I have, that I may neither in *poverty* forſake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee; Arme me with continuall *patience*, that I may cheerfully put my truſt in thy *providence*. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may uſe the world as if I us'd it not. Let not the loſſe of any earthly good too much deject me, leſt I ſhould ſinne with my lippes and charge thee fooliſhly. Give me a *charitable* hand O God, and fill my heart with *brotherly compaſſion*, that I may chearefully exchange the *corruptible treaſure* of this world into the *incorrputible Riches* of the world tocome, and proving a faithfull ſteward in thy ſpirituall houſhold, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternall joy in the Kingdome of thy glory.

S. Chryſ.

The veſſell of our deſires growes greater under our endeavours to fill it.

The

The Self lovers Self-fraud.

GOd hath required my *heart*, and he ſhall have it: God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and he ſhall be obeyed: My *ſoule* ſhall praiſe the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will ſerve him in the *ſtrength* of my deſires. And in *common caſes* the *tongues profeſſion* of his *name* is no leſſe than neceſſary: But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the ſaving of a *livelihood*, upon the flat undoing of a *Reputation*, the caſe is altered: My *life* is deare, my faire *poſſeſſions* pretious, and my *Reputation* is the very Apple of mine eye. To ſave ſo great a *ſtake*, me thinks *equivocation* is but *veniall*, if a *ſinne*. If the true loyalty of mine heart ſtands ſound to my *Religion* and my *God*, my well-informed *Conſcience* tels me that in ſuch *extremities* my frighted *tongue* may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a *mentall reſervation*, if not in the expreſſion of a faire *compliance*. What? ſhall the reall *breach* of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to Gods higheſt glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe*? May that breach be ſet upon the ſcore of *mercy*, and commended above *ſacrifice* for the ſafeguard of an *Aſſe*? And may I not diſpenſe with a bare *lippe-deniall* of my urg'd *Religion* for the neceſſary *preſervation* of the threatned *life* of a man? for the ſaving of the whole *livelihood* and ſubſiſt-

His Retribution.

ſubſiſtance of a Chriſtian? What? ſhall I periſh for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that fooliſh conſcience which forbids me to rub the eares of a little-ſtanding *Corn*? *Jacob* could purchaſe his ſick Fathers bleſſing with a downe right *lye*, and may I not *diſſemble* for a *life*? The young mans great *poſſeſſions* taught his timerous tongue to ſhrinke from and decline his hearts *profeſſion*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *houſe* canſt thou in conſcience be denied a *hidingroome* for thy protection? The Syrian *Captaine* (he whoſe heart was fixt on his now firmereſolv'd, and true devotion) reſerv'd the houſe of *Rimmon* for his neceſſary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whoſe confeſſion the *Church* was grounded) to ſave his *liberty*, with a falſe, nay with a perjur'd tongue; nay more, at ſuch a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whoſe behalfe he drew his Sword) was queſtion'd for his innocent life, *denied* his *Maſter*; and ſhall I be ſo great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to loſe it for a meere *lip-deniall* of that *Religion* which now is ſetled and needs no blood to ſeale it?

But ſtay! my *Conſcience* checks me, there's a *judgement* thunders; Harke;

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven, Matth. 10. 33.

His

His Proofs.

2. Tim. 3. 1. 2.

Know that in the latter dayes perillous times shall come:
For men shall be lovers of their own selves.

Esay. 45. 23.

I have sorrow by my selfe, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteousnesse, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall sweare.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man beleiveth unto Righteousnesse, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke. 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come into Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things: if the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee; renounce that and receive this, t'is fit the more nobler love should have the best place & acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough onely to beleive with the heart, for God will have us confess with our mouth; every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall find Christ professing to the Father, that man is a faithfull servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive (that fearfull doome, Nescio vos) I know you not.

His

His Soliloquie.

MY ſoule, in ſuch a time as this when the civill *Sword* is warme with *ſlaughter*, and the waſting *kingdome* welters in her *blood*, wouldſt thou not give thy *life* to ranſome her from *ruine*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdomes*? Is thy *welfare* more conſiderable than his *glory*? dar'ſt thou *deny* him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poore clod of earth we call *Inheritance*, priſable with his *greatneſſe*? Or a puffe of breath we call life, valuable with his *honour*, in compariſon of whom the very Angels are impure? Bluſh O my ſoule at thy own guilt: He that accounted his *blood*, his *life* not worth the keeping to ranſome thee a wretch, loſt by thy own rebellion, deſerves he not the abatement of a *luſt*, to keepe him from a new *crucifying*? My ſoule, if Religion bind thee not, if judgements *terrifie* thee not, if naturall affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reaſon perſwade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that haſt ſo often denied him, *deny* thy ſelfe for ever, and he will *own* thee; repent, and hee'l pardon thee, pray to him and he will hear thee.

Anon.

He that loves himſelfe moſt hath of all men the happineſſe to have feweſt rivalls.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whose *glory* is the end of my creation, and whose free *mercy* is the cause of my redemption; that gavest thy Sonne, thy onely Sonne to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; What shall I render for so great a *mercy*? What thankfulnesse shall I returne for so infinite a *love*? Alas, the most that I can doe is nothing, the best that I can present is worse then nothing, sinne: Lord, if I yeeld my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lumpe of filth, and loathsome putrifaction; or if I give my soule in contribution, I yeeld thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confesse and magnifie thy Name, how can the praises of my sinfull lips, that breathe from such a sink, be pleasing to thee? But Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well pleasing Sonne to accept the poverty of my weake endeavours, send downe thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, anp make it fit to praise thee: Lord open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, & I will praise thee and confesse thee all day long; I will not hide thy goodnesse in my mouthbut will be shewing forth thy truth and thy salvation; Let thy praises be my honour, and let thy goodnesse be the subject of my

my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation*, *Wealth*, nor *Life* be pretious to me in compariſon with thee. Let not the worlds deriſion daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me: Give me courage and wiſdome to ſtand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to ſuffer for thy Name. Lord teach me to deny my ſelfe, and to reſiſt the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me O God a ſingle heart, that I may love the Lord Jeſus in ſincerity. Remember not O Lord the ſinnes of my feare, and pardon the hypocriſie of my ſelfe-love. Waſh me from the ſtaines and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearfull judgement thou haſt threatned in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unſanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my ſinne. Grant that my life may adorne my profeſſion, and make my tongue an inſtrument of thy glory. Aſſiſt me O God that I may praiſe thy goodneſſe, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith that it may truſt thee; and let my works ſo ſhine, that men may praiſe thee: That my heart *beleiving* unto righteouſneſſe, and my tongue *confeſſing* to ſalvation, I may be acknowledg'd by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdome of glory.

The

The Worldlymans Verdour.

FOr ought I ſee the caſe is even the ſame with him that *prayes*, and him that does not *pray*; with him that *ſweares*, and him that *fears an Oath*: I ſee no difference; if any, thoſe that they call the *wicked* have the advantage; Their crops are even as *faire*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that weare the ground with their religious *knees*, and faſt their bodies to a *ſkeleton*; nay in the uſe of bleſſings (which onely makes them ſo) they farre exceed. They tearme me *Reprobate*, and ſtile me *unregenerate*: 'Tis true, I *eate* my labours with a jolly heart; *drinke* frolick cups, ſweeten my paines with time-beguiling *ſports*, make the beſt *advantage* of my own, *pray* when I thinke on't, *ſweare* when they urge me; heare Sermons at my *leaſure*; follow the *luſts* of my own *eyes*, and take the *pleaſure* of my own *wayes*; and yet, God be thanked, my Barnes are *furnisht*, my ſheepe *ſtand ſound*, my Cattle *ſtrong* for labour, my paſtures *rich* and flouriſhing, my body *healthfull*, and my bags are *full*, whileſt they that are ſo *pure*, and make ſuch *conſcience* of their wayes, that *run* to Sermons, figge to *Lectures*, pray *thrice* a day by the houre, hold *faith and troth* prophane, and drinking *healths* a ſin, doe often finde *leane* harveſts, *eaſie* flocks and *empty* purſes. Let them be godly that can live on

Ayre

His Withering.

Ayre and *Faith*; and eaten up by *Zeale*, can whine themſelves into an *Hoſpitall*, or bleſſe their lips with charitable *ſtraps*. If godlineſſe have this *reward*, to have ſhort meales for *long Prayers*; weake eſtates, for *ſtrong faiths*; and good conſciences upon ſuch bad conditions, let them boaſt of their *pennyworths*, and let me be *wicked* ſtill, and take my *chance* as falls. Let me have *judgement* to diſcover a *profitable* Farme, and *wit* to take it at an *eaſy Rent*, and *Gold* to ſtock it in a *liberal manner*, and *skill* to manage it to my *beſt advantage*, and *luck* to find a *good increaſe*, and *providence* to husband wiſely what I *gaine*. I ſeeke no further, and I wiſh no more. Husbandry and Religion are two ſeverall *occupations*, and looke two ſeverall wayes, and he is the only *wiſe* man can reconcile them.

But ſtay, my ſoule, I feare thy reckoning failes thee; If thou haſt judgement to *diſcover*; wit to *bargaine*; Gold to *employ*; skill to *manage*; providence to *diſpoſe*; canſt thou command the Clouds to *drop*? or if a wet ſeaſon meet thy *Harveſt*, and with open ſluces overwhelme thy *hopes*, canſt thou let down the *floodgates*, & ſtop the watry *Flux*? Canſt thou command the *Sunne* to ſhine? Canſt thou forbid the *Mildewes*, or controll the breath of the malignant *Eaſt*? Is not this Gods ſole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God ſa'd, *When the workers of iniquity doe flouriſh it is they that ſhall be deſtroyed for ever*, Pſal.

His

His Proofs.

Job. 21. 7.

Wherefore doe the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?

8. *Their ſeed is eſtabliſhed in their ſight, and their off-ſpring before their eyes.*

9. *Their houſes are ſafe from feare, neither is the wrath of God upon them.*

10. *Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not, their Cow calveth, and caſteth not her Calfe.*

11. *They ſend forth their little ones like a flock, and their children daunce.*

12. *They take the Timbrell, and the Harp, and re'oyce at the ſound of the Organ.*

13. *They ſpend their dayes in wealth, and in a moment they goe downe to the Grave.*

Nil. in Parænef.

Woe be to him that purſues emptie and fading pleaſures: becauſe in a ſhort time he fats, and pampers himſelfe as a Calfe to the ſlaughter.

Bernard.

There's no miſery more true and reall, than falſe and counterfeit pleaſure.

Hierom.

It's not onely difficult, but impoſſible, to have heaven here and hereafter: To live in ſenſuall luſts, and to attaine ſpirituall bliſſe; to paſſe from one paradiſe to another, to be a mirrour of felicitie in both worlds, to ſhine with glorious rayes both in this globe of earth, and the orbe of heaven.

His

His Soliloquie.

HOw ſweet a feaſt is til the *reckoning* come! A faire day ends often in a *cold* night, and the road thats pleaſant ends in *Hell*: If worldly pleaſures had the promiſe of *continuance*, proſperity were ſome comfort; but in this neceſſary *viciſſitude* of good and evill, the prolonging of adverſitie *ſharpens* it. It is no common thing, my ſoule, to enjoy two Heavens: *Dives* found it in the preſent, *Lazarus* in the future. Hath thy encreaſe, met with no damage? thy reputation, with no *ſcandall*? thy pleaſure, with no *croſſe*? thy proſperity, with no *adverſity*? Preſume not: Gods checks are *ſymptomes* of his *mercy*; but his ſilence is the *Harbinger* of a *judgement*. Be circumſpect, and provident my ſoule: Haſt thou a faire *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: The worlds *River* ebbs alone; it flowes not; He that goes merrily with the *ſtreame*, muſt *hale* up. Flatter thy ſelfe therefore no longer in thy *proſperous* ſinne, O my deluded ſoule, but be truly ſenſible of thy own *preſumption*; Looke ſeriouſly into thy approaching danger, and humble thy ſelfe with true contrition: If thou procure *ſowre Herbs*, God will provide his *Paſſeover*.

His

His Prayer.

HOw weake is man O God, when thou forſakeſt him! How fooliſh are his Counſels, when he plots without thee! How wilde his progreſſe, when he wanders from thee! How miſerable till he returne unto thee! How his wit failes! How his wiſdome falters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is befool'd! and how his ſoul beſlav'd! Thou ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot wheeles of his Inventions, and he is perplext; Thou confoundeſt the *Babel* of his imaginations, & he is troubled; Thou croſſeſt his deſignes that he may *feare* thee, and thou ſtop'ſt him in his wayes that he may *know* thee. How mercifull art thou O God, & in thy very judgements Lord how gracious! Thou mightſt have ſtruck me into the loweſt pit as eaſily as on theſe bended Knees, and yet been juſtified in my confuſion: But thou haſt threatned like a gentle Father, as loath to puniſh thy ungracious child. Thou knoweſt the crooked thoughts of man are vaine, ſtill turning point to their contrivers ruin; thou ſaw'ſt me wandring in the maze of death, whilſt I with violence purſued my owne deſtruction: But thou haſt warn'd me by thy ſacred Word, and tooke me off that I might live to praiſe thee. Thou art my confidence O God; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my ſalvation. Thy Word ſhall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth: Lord when I looke upon my former world-

lineſſe,

His Prayer.

lineſſe, I utterly abhorre my converſation: ſtrengthen me with thy aſſiſtance, that I may lead a new life; make me more and more ſenſible of my owne condition, and perfect thou the good worke thou haſt begun in me. In all my deſignes be thou my Counſellour, that I may proſper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandements. Let all my own deviſes come to nought, leſt I preſume upon the Arme of fleſh; let not my wealth encreaſe without thy bleſſing, leſt I be fatted up againſt the day of ſlaughter; Have thou a hand in all my juſt imployments, then proſper thou the worke of thy hands, O proſper thou my handy worke, and make it mine, who have no intereſt in it till thou owne me as thy Child: Then ſhall my ſoule rejoyce in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies; Then ſhall my lips proclaime thy loving kindneſſe, and ſing thy praiſes for ever and for ever.

The

The Lascivious mans Heaven.

CAn flesh and blood be so unnaturall to forget the Lawes of *Nature?* can blowing youth immure it self within the *Icy* walls of Vestall *Chastity?* Can *lusty* diet, and *mollicious* rest bring forth no other fruits, but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? should we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active soules) turne altogether *passives?* Must we turne *Anchorites* and spend our dayes in Caves and Hermitages, and smother up our pretious houres in *cloystered* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can Rosie *cheekes*, can Ruby *lips*, can snowy *brests*, and sparkling *eyes*, present their *beauties* and perfections to the sprightly view of *young* mortality, and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruell* Taskes, and even *impossible* commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contradict the instinct, and very principles of *Nature?* Can faire-pretending piety be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own *desires?* Is't not enough to conquer the rebelious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restraine the freedome of her very *thoughts?* Can full *perfection* be expected here?

His Hell.

here? Or can our worke be *perfect* in this vale of imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for fraile, for transitory *man*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *flesh* and *blood*, and our borne *frailties* cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *necessity* requires us to doe, is *veniall*, being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *streame*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations, cloathe all thy words with *courtly Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of *love*; *surfeit* thy selfe with pleasure, and *melt* thy passion into warme delights; Walk into Natures universall *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none. Spare neither cost nor paines, to compasse thy *desires*. Enjoy *varieties*; Emparadise thy soule in *fresh* delights; The *change* of pleasure makes thy pleasure *double*. Ravish thy senses with perpetuall *choyce*, and glut thy soule with all the *delicates* of love.

But hold! There is a voyce that whispers in my troubled eare, a voyce that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves: A voyce that chils the bosome of my soule, and fills me with amazement: *Marke*.

They which doe such things shall not inherit the Kingdome of God, Gal. 5. 21.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery.

Math. 5. 28.

Whoſoever lookes upon a woman to luſt after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walke honeſtly as in the day, not in rioting, or in drunkennesſe, nor in chambering, nor in wantonneſſe.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abſtaine from fleſhly luſts, which warre againſt the ſoule.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and ſpotted, and the heavenly Bridegrome caſts him out from his chaſt nuptialls.

A world of preſumptuous and hainous offences doe ariſe and ſpring from the filthy fountaine of adulterous luſt, whereby the gate of heaven is ſhut, and poore man excluded from God.

S. Gregor. Mor.

Hence the fleſh lives in ſenſuall delights for a moment, but the immortall ſoule periſheth for ever.

His Soliloquie.

Luſt is a *Brand* of originall fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of fleſh and blood; uncover'd by a naturall *inclination*, blowne by corrupt *Communication*, quencht with *faſting* and *humiliation*: It is rak'd up in the *beſt*, uncovered in the *moſt*, and blowne in *thee* O my luſtfull ſoule. O turne thine *eare* from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine *eyes*: Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, leſt the hands of the *Philiſtians* ſurprize thee. Review thy *paſt pleaſures*, with the *charge* and *paines* thou hadſt to compaſſe them, and ſhew mee, wher's thy *penny-worth*? Foreſee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell mee, whats thy *purchaſe*? Thou haſt barterd away thy *God* for a *luſt*; ſold thy *eternity* for a *trifle*; If this bargaine may be recall'd by *teares*, diſſolve thee O my ſoule into a ſpring of *waters*; If to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole eſtate into a *Sack-cloth* and an *Aſh-tub*. Thou whoſe Liver hath ſcorch'd in the *flames* of luſt, humble thy heart in the *Aſhes* of Repentance: And as with *Eſau* thou haſt ſould thy Birthright for *Broth*, ſo with *Jacob* wreſtle by Prayer till thou get a *bleſſing*.

Anonym.

Conſider well, how empty thy pleaſure will be, when it is paſt, and thou cutteſt off the cheif ſtrength of the temptation.

His

His Prayer.

O God, before whose face the Angels are *impure*; before whose cleare omniscience all Actions *appeare*, to whom the very secrets of the hearts *are open*; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my shame, the filthinesse and vile *impurity* of my *Nature*; Lord I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthinesse my mothers wombe encloſed mee, brought forth in filthinesse, and filthy is my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soule: my words all cloth'd with filthinesse, and in all my actions filthy and uncleane, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthinesse. Wash me O God, and make me cleane, cleanse me from the filthinesse of my corruption; Purge me O Lord with Hyssop and create a cleane heart within me: Correct the vagrant *motions* of my *flesh*, and quench the fiery darts of Satan; Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me; O let *concupiscence* have no Dominion over me: Give me courage to fight against my *lusts*, and give my weakneſse strength to overcome; make sharp my Sword against this body of sinne, but most against my *Delilah*, my bosome sinne. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to subdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*, & give me temperance in a sober diet; Grant

me a heart to ſtrive with thee in Prayer, and hopefull patience to attend thy leaſure; Keepe me from the habit of an *idle* life, and cloze mine eares againſt *corrupt* communication; Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may ſavour of ſobrietie: Preſerve me from the vanitie and pride of life, that I may walke blameleſſe in my converſation; Protect me from the fellowſhip of the uncleane, and from all ſuch as are of evil report. Let thy grace O God be ſufficient for me, to protect my ſoule from the buffetings of Satan; Make me induſtrious and diligent in my calling, leſt the enemie get advantage over me: In all my temptations let me have recourſe to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee; Forgive O God the ſinnes of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my ſecret ſinnes: Encreaſe my hatred to my former life, and ſtrengthen my reſolution for the time future. Heare me O God, and let the words of my mouth be alwayes acceptable to thee, O God my ſtrength and my Redeemer.

S. Hieron.

Pleaſure leaves behind it a greater thirſt, then that which it pretends to quench, and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not ſatisfy.

The

The Sabbath-breakers profanation.

THe glittering *Prince* that ſits upon his regall and imperiall Throne, and the ignoble *Peſant* that ſleeps within his ſordid houſe of Thatch, are both alike to God; An *Ivory* Temple and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd alike by him; The fleſh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Mirrh* and *Caſſia* ſmoake his Altars with an equall pleaſure: And does he make ſuch difference of *dayes*? Is he that was ſo weary of the *New-Moones*, ſo taken with the *Sunne* to tie his *Sabbath* to that onely day? The *tenth* in tithes is any one in *tenne*, and why the *ſeventh day* not any one in *ſeaven*? We ſanctifie the day, the day not us: But are we *Jewes*? Are we ſtill bound to keepe a *legall* Sabbath in the ſtrictneſſe of the Letter? Have the Gentiles no *priviledge* by the vertue of *Meſſiahs* coming, or has the *Evangelicall Sabbath* no immunities? The *ſervice* done, the *day's* diſcharg'd, my *libertie* reſtor'd; And if I meet my *profits* or my *pleaſures* then, I'le give them entertainement. If *buſineſſe* call me to account, I dare afford a carefull eare; Or if my *ſports* invite me, I'le entertaine them with a cheerfull heart: I'le goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour; I'le make as low *obeyſance*, and as juſt *reſponds* as any, but ſoone as *Even-ſong's* ended, my Church devotion and my *Pſalter* ſhall ſanctifie my *Pue* till the next

His Extirpation

Sabbath call; Were it no more for an old *cuſtomes* ſake then for the *good* I finde in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be ſpared. It is a day of *Reſt*: And what's a Reſt? A relaxation from the toyle of *labour*; And what is *labour* but a painefull exerciſe of the fraile body? But where the *exerciſe* admits no *toyle*, there *Relaxation* makes no *Reſt*: What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compaſſe Sea and Land to accompliſh his *deſires*? What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to meaſure Helleſpont with his widened armes to haſten his *delight*? What labour for the *youth* to number muſick with their ſprightly *paces?* Where leaſure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active reſt*; Why ſhould the Sabbath, then a *day of reſt*, divorce from thoſe delights that make thy *reſt*? Afflict their ſoules that pleaſe, my *reſt* ſhall be what moſt conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two houres will vent more *Prayers* then I ſhall need, the reſt remaines for *pleaſure*.

Conſcience, why ſtart'ſt thou? A *judgement* ſtrik's me from the mouth of Heaven, and ſaith,

Whoſoever doth any worke on my Sabbath, his ſoule ſhall be cut off, Exod. 31. 14.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20.

Remember to keepe holy the Sabbath day, ſix dayes ſhalt thou labour & doe all that thou haſt to doe, but the ſeventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye ſhall keepe my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Verily my ſabbaths thou ſhalt keep for this is a ſigne betwixt me and you, thoroughout your Generations. Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared ſpices, and oyntments, and reſted on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lords day to reſt from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our ſelves to prayers, that whatſoever hath been done amiſſe, the week before, may upon the day of our Lords reſurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the ſtorehouſe of death and miſery, it kindles flames for it's deareſt friends. Therefore whoſoever when he ſhould reſt from ſin, buſieth himſelf in the dead and fruitleſſe works of wickedneſſe, and renouncing all piety, luſts after ſuch things as will bring him into eternall deſtruction, and everlaſting flames, juſtly deſerves to die & perish with the damned; becauſe when he might have enjoy'd a pious reſt, he laboured to run headlong to his owne deſtruction.

His Soliloquie.

MY ſoule how haſt thou *profaned* that *day* thy God hath *ſanctified*! How haſt thou *encroched* on that which Heaven hath *ſet apart*! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve houres*, what happineſſe canſt thou expect in a *perpetuall* Sabbath? Is ſix dayes *too little* for thy ſelfe, and two *houres too much* for thy God? O my ſoule, how doſt thou prize *temporalls* beyond *eternalls*? Is it equall that God, who gave thee a body, and *ſix dayes* to provide for it, ſhould demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it? How *liberall* a *Receiver* art thou, and how *miſerable* a *Requiter*! But know my ſoule, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye: He that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned judgements to the *breaker* thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity ſake, will not diminiſh the honour of it for profaneſſe ſake. Forget not then my ſoule to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *judgements*, leſt he forget to remember thee in *Mercy*: What thou haſt neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou haſt repented, forſake with *reſolution*, and what thou haſt reſolved, ſtrengthen with *devotion*.

His

His Prayer.

O Eternall, juſt, and all-diſcerning Judge; in thy ſelfe, glorious; in thy Sonne, gracious; who tryeſt without a witneſs, and condemneſt without a Jury; O! I confeſſe my very actions have betrai'd me, thy word hath brought in evidence againſt me, my own conſcience hath witneſſed againſt me, and thy judgement hath paſt ſentence againſt me: And what have I now to plead but mine owne *miſery*, and whether ſhould that miſery flee but to the God of *mercy*? And ſince O Lord the way to mercy is to leave my ſelfe, I here diſclaime all intereſt in my ſelfe, and utterly renounce my ſelfe. I that was created for thy glory, have diſhonoured thy Name; I that was made for thy ſervice, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have ſlighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*; I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abuſed thy *Word*, deſpis'd thy Miniſters and contemned their *miniſtery*; I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawn neare with *uncircumciſed* lippes; And Lord I know thou art a jealous God; and moſt ſevere againſt all ſuch as violate thy *Reſt*; The glory of thy Name is pretious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye; But thou O God that art the God of Hoſts, haſt publiſhed and declared thy ſelfe the Lord of mercy; The conſtitution of *Sabbath*, was a work of *time*, but

Lord thy *mercy* is from all *eternity*; I that have *broke* thy *Sabbaths*, doe here present thee with a broken heart; thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heale, nor thy eare deafned that thou canst not heare; Stretch forth thine hand O God and heale my wounds; Bow downe thine eare O Lord, and heare my Prayers; Alter the fabrick of my sinfull heart: and make it tender of thy glory; Make me *ambitious* of thy *service*, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight; Give me a holy *reverence* of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my stepps and a Lanthorne to my feet; Endue my heart with Charity and Faith that I may finde a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Blesse thou the Ministers of thy sacred Word, and make them holy in their lifes, sound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universall Church in these distracted times; give her Peace, Unity, and Uniformity; purge her of all Schisme, Error and Superstition; Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty, that being honor'd here to be a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her Triumphant.

Anonym.

He that thinkes it two much to keepe a short Sabbath here shall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternall Sabbath hereafter.

The

The Cenſorious mans Crimination.

I Know there is much of the ſeed of the *Serpent* in him by his very lookes, if his wordsbetray'd him not; He hath eaten the Egge of the *Cockatrice*, and ſurely he remaineth in the ſtate of *perdition*; He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterneſſe; His *ſtudied Prayers* ſhew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jeſu-worship* concludes him *popiſhly affected*; He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the cauſe: He cries up learning, and the Booke of *Common-prayer*, and takes no armes to haſten *Reformation*: He feares God for his owne *ends*, for the ſpirit of *Antichriſt* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a whoring after his own inventions. He can heare an *Oath* from his ſuperiors without reproof, and the *heatheniſh Gods named* without ſpitting in his face: Wherefore my ſoule deteſteth him, and I will have no *converſation* with him: for what fellowſhip hath *light* with *darkneſſe*, or the pure in heart with the uncleane? Sometimes he is a *Publican*, ſometimes a *Phariſee*, and alwayes an *Hyppocrite*: He railes againſt the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jeſus*: he is quick-ſighted to the infirmities of the Saints. and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*: he

concurs

honours not a preaching *Miniſtery* and too much leanes to a *Church-government*: he paints *devotion* on his face, whil'ſt *pride* is ſtampt within his heart: he places *ſanctity* in the walls of a *Steeple-houſe*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popiſh knee; His Religion is a *Weather-Cock*, and turnes *breaſt* to every *blaſt* of wind. With the pure he ſeemes *pure*, and with the *wicked* he will joyne in *fellowſhip*: A *ſober* language is in his mouth, but the *poyſon* of Aſpes is under his tongue: His workes conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart ſanctified. He adores great ones for preferment, and ſpeakes too partially of authority: He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicolaitane* in his workes, a *Phariſee* in his *diſguiſe*, a *rank Papiſt* in his heart, and I thanke my God I am not as this man.

But ſtay my ſoule, take heed whilſt thou judgeſt another, leſt God judge thee: how com'ſt thou ſo expert in *anothers* heart, being ſo often deceived in thy *owne*? A *Saul to day* may prove a *Paul to morrow*. Take heed whilſt thou wouldſt ſeeme *Religious* thou appeare not *uncharitable*, and whilſt thou *judgeſt* man, thou be not *judg'd of God*, who ſaith,

Judge not, leſt ye be judged, Matth. 7. 1.

His

His Proofs.

John. 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgement.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why doſt thou judge thy brother? or why doſt thou ſet at nought thy brother? We ſhall all ſtand before the judgment ſeate of Chriſt.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, untill the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkneſſe, and will make manifeſt the counſell of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a ſtumbling block, or accuſation to fall in his brothers way.

God is judge himſelfe. Pſal. 50. 6.

S. Auguſt.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reproved and condemned, but we ſhould never judge ſuch things as we underſtand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evill intent.

S. Auguſt.

When thou knoweſt not apparently, judge charitablely, becauſe it's better to think well of the wicked than by frequent cenſuring to ſuſpect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. Auguſt.

The unrighteous Judge ſhall be juſtly condemned.

His

His Soliloquie.

HAs thy brother, O my ſoule, a *beame* in his eye; and haſt thou no *mote* in thine? Cleare thine own, and thou wilt ſee the better to cleanſe his: If a *Theefe* be in his Candle, blow it not out, leſt thou wrong the *flame*, but if thy *ſnuffers* be of Gold, ſnuffe it: Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him; Hath he treſpas'd againſt the Congregation? *Reprove* him; Hath he ſinned againſt God? *Pray* for him. O my ſoule how uncharitable haſt thou been? How Phariſaically haſt thou judg'd? Being ſick of the *Jaundies*, how haſt thou cenſur'd an other *yellow*? And with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy ſelf? How *quick-ſighted* to another! Thy *brother* has *ſlipt*, but *thou* haſt *fallen*, and haſt blancht thy own *impiety* with the publiſhing his *ſinne*: Like a *Flie*, thou ſting-eſt his ſores, and feed'ſt on his corruptions. Jeſus came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*; *John* came faſting, and was challeng'd with a *devill*. Judge not my ſoule, leſt thou be judged; maligne not thy brother, leſt God laugh at thy deſtruction: Wouldſt thou eſcape the puniſhment? *judge thy ſelfe*: Wouldſt thou avoyd the ſinne? *humble thy ſelfe*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the only ſearcher of the Reines, to whom the ſecrets of the heart of man are onely known, to whome alone the judgement of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whoſe ſentence we muſt ſtand or fall; I a preſumptuous ſinner that have thruſt into thy place, and boldly have preſumed to execute thy office, doe here as humbly confeſſe the inſolence of mine attempt, and with a ſorrowfull heart repent me of my doings; and though my convinced conſcience can look for nothing from thy wrathfull hand but the ſame meaſure which I meaſured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou haſt promiſed to all thoſe that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble ſuiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou ſearch me but with a favourable eye, I ſhall appeare much more unrighteous in thy ſight, than this my uncharitably condemned brother did in mine: O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, leſt thou abhor me, but through the merits of my bleſſed Saviour caſt a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility ſatisfie for my preſumption, and let his meritorious ſufferings anſwer for my vile uncharitableneſſe, let not the voyce of my offence provoke thee with a ſtronger cry, than the language of his Interceſſion. Remove from me O God all ſpirituall pride, and make me little in my own conceit; Lord

light

light me to my ſelfe, that by thy light I may diſcerne how dark I am; Lighten that darkneſſe by thy holy Spirit, that I may ſearch into my own corruptions: And ſince O God all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy ſight without charity, quicken the dulneſſe of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought: Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities; Make me carefull in the examination of my own wayes, and moſt ſevere againſt my own offences. Pull out the beame out of mine own eye, that I may ſee clearely, and reprove wiſely. Take from me O Lord all grudging, envy, and malice, that my ſeaſonable reproofes may winne my brother. Preſerve my heart from all cenſorious thoughts, and keepe my tongue from ſtriking at his name. Grant that I make right uſe of his Infirmities, and reade good Leſſons in his failings, that loving him in thee, and thee in him according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee, that thou mayeſt receive honour from our communion here, and we eternall glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de. Kempis.

There are two leſſons which God every day gives his elect: One to ſee their own faults; the other, the goodneſſe of God.

The

The Liars Fallacies.

NAy if Religion be so strict a Law to bind my tongue to the *necessity* of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too *strait* for me to enter; Or if the *generall rules* of downright truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewell all honest *mirth*, farewell all *trading*, farewell the whole *converse* betwixt man and man: If alwayes to speake punctuall truth be the true *Symptomes* of a blessed soule, *Tom Tell troth* has a happy time, and *fooles* and *children* are the only men. If *truth* sit Regent, in what faithfull breast shall *secrets* finde repose? What *Kingdome* can be safe? What *Commonwealth* can be secure? What *War* can be succesfull? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to *shroud* it self beneath my roofe, upon demand, shall my false truth *betray* it? Or shall my brothers life, or shall my own be seis'd upon through the cruell truth of my downright *confession*? or rather not be secured by a faire *officious* lye? shall the righteous Favorite of Egypts Tyrant, by vertue of a *loud lie*, sweeten out his joy, and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antiperistasis* of *teares*, and may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brothers *life* from a blood-thirsty hand? shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *Mother* conspire in a *lie* to purchase a paternall *blessing* in the false name, and habit of a *supplanted brother*, and shall I

quest-

His Flames.

queſtion to preſerve the granted bleſſing of a *life*, or *livelihood*, with a harmeleſs lie? Come, come, my ſoule, let not thy timerous *conſcience* check at ſuch poore things as theſe: So long as thy officious tongue aymes at a *juſt end*, a lie is no offence; So long as thy perjurous lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needſt not feare. The weight of the *cauſe* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allowes it. If thy *journies end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allowes it: Wilt thou condemne the Egyptian *Midwives* for ſaving the *infant* Iſraelites by ſo merciſull a *lie*? When *Martiall execution* is to be done, wilt thou feare to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be affraid to *ſteale*? When *civill wars* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumſtances *excuſe*, as well as *make* the lie? Had *Cæſar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by ſuch *ſtrict divinity*, their names had bin as ſilent as their *duſt*: A *ly* is but a fair *put-off*, the *ſanctuary* of a ſecret, the *riddle* of a lover; the *ſtratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Stateſman, and a *ſalve* for many deſperate ſores.

But, hark, my ſoul ther's ſomething rounds mine eare, and calls my language to a *Recancantation*; The Lord hath ſpoken it,

Liars ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire & brimſtone, Revel. 21. 8.

His

His Proofs.

THou shalt not raise a false Report. Ex. 20. Levit. 19. 11.

Ye shall not deal falsly, neither lie one to another. Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deale truely are his delight. Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not escape, Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, & every one speake truth with his Neighbour, for we are members one of another, Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. August.

Whosoever thinks, ther's any kinde of lie that is not a sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying or cousening knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew & avoid all falshood; though sometime certain kinds of untruths are lesse sinfull, as to tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the Scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his owne soule, *and* God will destroy them that tell a lie, *therefore, Religious and honest men should alwaies avoyd even the best sort of lies; neither ought another mans life to be secured by our falshood or lying, lest we destroy our own soul, in labouring to secure another mans life.*

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat a *child* O my ſoule hath thy falſe boſome harbor'd! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from ſuch a *Father*? What bleſſing canſt thou hope from Heaven, that pleadeſt for the *Sonne* of the devill, and crucifyeſt the *Sonne* of God? God is the Father of *truth*; To ſecure thy eſtate thou denyeſt the *truth* by framing of a *lie*; To ſave thy brothers *life* thou oppoſeſt the *truth* in juſtifing a *lie*; Now tell me O my ſoule, art thou worthy the name of a *Chriſtian*, that denyeſt and oppoſeſt the *nature* of Chriſt? Art thou worthy of *Chriſt* that preferreſt thy *eſtat*, or thy brothers *life* before him? O my unrighteous ſoule, canſt thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lie*, and thy ſelfe guiltleſſe that *makeſt* a *lie*? I, but in ſome caſes *truth* deſtroyes thy life; a *lie* preſerves it: My ſoule, was God thy *Creator*? then make not the devill thy *preſerver*: Wilt thou deſpaire to *truſt* him with thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Protector* that ſeekes to *deſtroy* it? Reforme thee, and repent thee, O my ſoule; hold not thy life on ſuch conditions, but truſt thee to the hands that made thee.

S. Hieron.

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or ſweare; and let there be in thee ſo great a love of truth, that thou account whatever thou ſayeſt as ſealed with an Oath.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of *truth*, whose word is *truth*, that hatest *lying* lips, and abominatest the *deceitfull* tongue, that banisheſt thy presence all such as *love* or *make a lie*, and loveſt *truth*, and requireſt *uprightneſſe* in the inward parts, I the moſt wretched of the sons of men, and moſt unworthy to be called thy sonne, make bold to caſt my sinfull eyes to Heaven; Lord I haue sinned againſt Heaven, and againſt *truth*, and have turned thy grace into a *lie*; I have renounced the wayes of righteouſneſſe, and have harboured much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath againſt me; I have tranſgres'd againſt the checks of my own conſcience, and have vaunted of my tranſgreſſion: which way ſoever I turne mine eye, I ſee no object but ſhame and confuſion. Lord, when I looke upon my ſelfe, I finde nothing there but fuell for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation, and my condemnation. And when I caſt mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a ſevere revenger; But Lord at thy right hand I ſee a Saviour, and a ſweete Redeemer; I ſee thy wounded ſonne clothed in my fleſh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous tranſgreſſions; for which my ſoule doth magnifie thee O God, and my ſpirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour; Lord when thou looketh upon the vaſt ſcore of my offences, turne thine eyes upon

upon the infinite merits of his ſatisfaction; O when thy juſtice calls to mind my ſinnes, let not thy mercy forget his ſufferings; Waſh me, O waſh me in his blood, & thou ſhalt ſee me clothed in his righteouſneſſe: Let him that is all in all to me, be all in all for me; make him to me ſanctification, juſtification, and redemption. Inſpire my heart with the ſpirit of thy truth, and preſerve me from the deceitfulneſſe of *double tongues*. Give me an inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly providence, that neither feare may deterre me, nor any advantage may turne me from the wayes of thy *truth*; Let not the ſpecious goodneſſe of the *end* encourage me to the unlawfulneſſe of the *meanes*, but let thy Word be the warrant to all my actions. Guid my footſteps, that I may walke uprightly, and quicken my conſcience, that it may reprove my faylings; Cauſe me to feel the burthen of this my habituall ſinne, that coming to thee by a true and ſerious repentance, my ſinnes may obtaine a full and a gracious forgiveneſſe. Give me a *heart* to make a Covenant with my *lips*, that both my *heart* and *tongue* being ſanctified by thy Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy mercy, and magnifie thy name for ever, and for ever.

The Revengefull mans Rage.

What a *Julip* to my ſcorching ſoule is the delicious *blood* of my *Offender*! and how it cooles the burning *Feber* of my boyling veines! It is the *Quinteſſence* of pleaſures, the *height* of ſatisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *blood* of ſuch, whoſe bold *affronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How full of ſweetneſſe was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon 3000 enemies? How ſweetly did the *younger brothers blood* allay the ſoule conſuming flames of the *elder*, who tooke more pleaſure in his *laſt breath*, then Heaven did in his firſt *Sacrifice*? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an Advocate for his *paſſion*: What ſturdy ſpirit hath the power to rule his *ſuffering* thoughts, or curbe the head ſtrong fury of his *Iraſcible* affections? Or who but fooles (that cannot taſte an injury) can *moderate* their high-bread *ſpirits*, and ſtop their *paſſion* in her full *carriere*? Let heavy Cynicks, they whoſe leaden ſoules are taught by ſtupid reaſon to ſtand *bent* at every wrong, that can digeſt an *injury* more eaſily than a complement, that can proteſt againſt the Lawes of *nature*, and cry all naturall *affection* down, let them be *Andirons* for the injurious world to work a *Heate* upon; let them finde ſhoulders to receive the paine-

full

His Retaliation.

full *ſtripes* of peeviſh Mortalls, and to beare the *wrongs* of daring inſolence; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for ſlaughter, and bow their ſervile necks to ſharpe *deſtruction*; let them ſubmit their ſlaviſh *boſomes* to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleaſure: My *Eagle ſpirit* flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious *Phaeton* climbes into the *fiery Chariot*, and drawn with fury, ſcorne, revenge, and honour, rambles through all the Spheres, & brings with it *confuſion* & *cõbuſtion*; my reeking Sword ſhall vindicate my *reputation*, and rectifie the injuries of my *honourable name*, and quench it ſelfe in the plenteous *ſtreames* of blood. Come tell not me of Charity, Conſcience, or Tranſgreſſion; My *Charity* reflects upon my ſelfe, begins at home, and guided by the *juſtice* of my *paſſion*, is bound to labour for an *honourable ſatisfaction*; My *conſcience* is bloodproofe, and I can broach a life with my illuſtrious weapon, with as little *reluctation* as kill a Flea that ſucks my blood without *commiſſion*, and I can drink a *health* in *blood* upon my bended Knee, to *Reputation*.

But hark my ſoule, I heare a languiſhing, a dying *voyce* cry up to Heaven for vengeance; It cries aloud, and thunders in my ſtartling eare, I tremble, and my ſhivering bones are fill'd with horrour; It cries againſt mee, and hear what Heaven replies.

All that take up the Sword ſhall periſh by the Sword, Matthew. 26. 52.

His

His Proofs.

Levit. 19. 18.

Thou ſhalt not avenge, or beare any grudge, againſt the Children of my people, but thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thy ſelf: I am the Lord.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth Vengeance and Recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Becauſe that Edom hath dealt againſt the houſe of Judah, by taking vengeance, & hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himſelf upon them: Therefore thus ſaith the Lord God, I will alſo ſtretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beaſt from it.

Matth. 5. 39.

Reſiſt not evill; but whoſoever ſhall ſmite thee on the right cheek, turne to him the other alſo.

Tertull.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outragiouſly ſuffers it, except that the one is firſt, and the other ſecond in the offence? but both are guilty of mutuall injury in the ſight of God, who forbids every ſin, and condemnes the offender.

Idem.

How can we honour God, if we revenge our ſelves?

Gloſſ.

Every man is a murtherer, and ſhall be puniſhed as Cain *was, if he doe (as* Cain *did) either aſſault his brother with violence, or purſue him with hatred.*

His Soliloquie.

Revenge is an Act of the *Irascible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*. How often O my soule hast thou cursed thy selfe in the perfectest of *Prayers*? How often hast thou turned the spirituall *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sunne* rise to thy *comfort*, that hath so often set in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the *wrath* of God burning against thee. O, wouldst thou offer a pleasing *Sacrifice* to Heaven? Goe first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heartswelling can brooke no *Powlteſſe* but revenge. Take heed, my soule, the *remedy* is worse than the disease: If thy intricate *distemper* transcend thy power, make choyce of a *Physician* that can purge that *humor* that foments thy *malady*. Rely upon him; submit thy *will* to his directions; he hath a tender heart, a skilfull hand, a watchfull eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all thy *paines*, expecting no reward, no *fee*, but *praises*, and Thanksgiving.

S. Bernard.

Be humble in asking of pardon, and easie in giving it, and thou wilt be at peace with all the world.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of *Peace*, and the lover of *unity* and concord; that dost command all those that seeke forgiveneſſe, to *forgive*; that hateſt the *froward* heart, but ſhewest mercy to the *meeke* in ſpirit; With what face can I appeare before thy mercy ſeate, or with what countenance can I lift up theſe hands thus ſtained with my *brothers blood*? How can my lips that daily breed *revenge* againſt my *brother*, preſume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect from thee thy bleſſing, as thy *child*? If thou forgive my *treſpaſſes* O God, as I forgive my *treſpaſſers*, in what a miſerable eſtate am I, that in my very prayers condemne my ſelfe, and doe not onely limit thy compaſſion by my *uncharitableneſſe*, but draw thy judgements on my head for my *Rebellion*? That heart O God which thou requireſt as a holy preſent, is become a ſpring of *malice*; Theſe hands which I advance, are ready inſtruments of baſe *revenge*; My thoughts, that ſhould be ſanctified, are full of *blood*, and how to compaſſe evill againſt my brother is my continuall meditation. The courſe of all my life is wilfull diſobedience, and my whole pleaſure, Lord, is to diſpleaſe thee. My conſcience hath accuſed me, and the voyce of *blood* hath cryed againſt me: But Lord the *blood* of *Jeſus* cries louder than the *blood* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite than my ſin. The *blood* that was ſhed

by me cries for vengance, but the *blood* that was shed for me sues for mercy; Lord heare the language of this blood, and by the merits of this voyce be reconciled unto me. That time which cannot be recalled, O give me power to redeeme, and in the meane time a setled resolution to reforme. Suppresse the *violence* of my headlong passion, and establish a *meeke* spirit within me. Let the sight of my own vilenesse take from me the sense of all disgrace, and let the Crown of my reputation be thy honour. Possesse my heart with a desire of *unity* and concord, and give me *patience* to endure what my *impenitence* hath deserved. Breath into my soule the spirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their right object; turne all my *anger* against that sin that hath provoked thee, and give me *holy revenge*, that I may exercise it against my selfe. Grant that I may love thee for thy selfe, my selfe in thee, and my neighbour as my selfe. Assist me O God, that I may subdue all evill in my self, and suffer patiently all evill as a punishment from thee. Give me a *mercifull* heart, O God; make it slow to *wrath* and ready to *forgive*; Preserve me from the act of evill, that I may be delivered from the feare of evill; that living here in charity with men, I may recieve that sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the Kingdome of glory.

The Secure mans Triumph.

SO, now my ſoule thy happineſſe is *entaild*, & thy illuſtrious name ſhall live in thy *ſucceeding* Generations; Thy dwelling is eſtabliſh'd in the *fat* of all the land; thou haſt what mortall *heart can wiſh*, and wanteſt nothing but *immortality*: The *beſt* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the *beſt* of *Lands*; A land whoſe *conſtitutions* make the beſt of Government, which *Government* is ſtrengthned with the beſt of Laws, which *Lawes* are executed by the beſt of Princes; whoſe *Prince*, whoſe *Lawes*, whoſe *Government*, whoſe *land* makes us the *happieſt* of all ſubjects, makes us the *happieſt* of all people. A land of ſtrength, of plenty, & a land of peace, where every ſoul may ſit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the horrid language of the hoarſe *Trumpet*, unſtartled at the warlike ſummons of the roaring *Cannon*. A land whoſe *beauty* hath ſurpriz'd the ambitious hearts of forraigne Princes, & taught them by their *martiall Oratory* to make their vaine attempts. A Land whoſe ſtrength reades vanity in the deceived hopes of *Conquerours*, and crownes their enterprizes with a *ſhamefull overthrow*. A Land whoſe native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, *ſupplying* others, able to ſubſiſt *without ſupply* from forraigne Kingdomes; in it ſelfe *happy*, and abroad *honourable*. A land that hath no *vanity*, but

His Overthrow.

the ſweeteſt of all bleſſings, *peace*, and plenty; that hath no *miſery* but what is propagated from that blindneſſe which cannot ſee her own *felicity*. A land that flowes with *Milke* and *Hony*, and in brief wants nothing to deſerve the title of a *Paradiſe*: The *Curbe* of *Spaine*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *ayde* of *Belgia*, the *ſcourge* of *France*, the *Empereſſe* of the World, and *Queene* of Nations. She is begirt with walls, whoſe builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royall*, whoſe unconquerable power proclaimes her Prince invincible, and whiſpers ſad deſpaire into the fainting hearts of *forraigne* Majeſty: She is compact within her ſelfe in *unity*, not apt to *civill* diſcords or *inteſtine* broyles; The envy of all Nations; the *ambition* of all Princes; the terror of all enemies; the *ſecurity* of all neighbouring ſtates. Let timorous *Pulpits* threaten ruine, let prophecying *Church-men* dote, til I believe. How often and how long have theſe loud *Sons* of *Thunder* fals-prophecied her deſolation? and yet ſhe ſtands the *glory* of the world: Can Pride demoliſh the *Towers* that defend her? Can drunkennes dry up the Sea that walls her? Can flames of luſt diſſolve the *Ordnance* that protect her?

Be well adviſ'd my ſoule; there is a *voyce* from Heaven roares louder than thoſe Ordnances, which ſaith,

Thus ſaith the Lord, The whole land ſhall be deſolate, Jer. 4. 27.

His

His Proofs.

Esay. 14. 7.

THe whole Earth is at rest, and at quiet, they breake forth into singing.

Yea the Fir-trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon sing, &c.

Yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he, neither shall evill come upon us, neither shall we see Sword, or Famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17. 26.

They did eate and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, untill the flood came and destroyed them all.

S. Auguſt.

Whilst Lot *was exercised in suffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure, even in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount, being in peace and safety, he was surprised by sensuall security, and defiled himselfe with his own daughters.*

Greg. Mag.

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine; a long peace hath made many men both careleſſe and cowardly; and that's the most fatall blow when and unexpected enemy surpriseth us in a deepe sleepe of peace and security.

His Soliloquie.

SEcurity is an *improvident careleſneſſe*, caſting out all feare of approaching danger; It is like a great *Calme* at Sea, that fore-runs a *ſtorme*. How is this verified O my ſad ſoule in this our *bleeding* Nation! Wert thou not but now for many yeares even nuzzl'd in the boſome of habituall *peace*? Diſt thou foreſee this *danger*? Or could'ſt thou have contrived a way to be thus *miſerable*? Didſt thou not laugh *invaſion* to ſcorne? or didſt thou not leſſe feare a *Civill war*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crowne* unqueſtionable? And was not our mixt *government* unapt to fall into diſeaſes? Did we want good *Lawes*? or did our Lawes want *execution*? Did not our Prophets give *lawfull warning*? Or were we moved at the ſound of *Judgements*? How haſt thou liv'd O my uncarefull ſoule to ſee theſe propheſies fulfill'd, and to behold the *vialls* of thy angry God pour'd forth! Since *Mercies* O my ſoule could not *allure* thee yet let theſe *judgments* now at length *enforce* thee to a true *Repentance*. Quench the *Firebrand* which thou haſt kindled; turne thy mirth to right *mourning*, and thy feaſts of joy to *humiliation*.

Caſſian.

There is no better expedient of ſecurity, than to committ all our intereſt to God, who knowes how to give good things to them that aske him.

His

His Prayer,

O God by whom Kings raigne, and Kingdoms flouriſh, that ſetteſt up where none can batter down, and pulleſt down where none can countermand, I a moſt humble Suiter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my ſelf unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greateſt of all thy judgements: I have ſinned againſt thee the Author of my being, I have ſinned againſt my conſcience, which thou haſt made my accuſer, I have ſinned againſt the peace of this Kingdome, wherof thou haſt made me a member; If all ſhould do O God as I have done, *Sodom* would appeare as righteous, and *Gomorrah* would be a preſident to thy wrath upon this ſinfull Nation. But Lord thy *mercy* is *inſcrutable*, or elſe my *miſery* were *unſpeakable*, for that mercy ſake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his ſake in whom thou art well pleaſed. Make my head a fountaine of teares to quench that brand my ſinnes have kindled towards the deſtruction of this flouriſhing Kingdome. Bleſſe this Kingdome O God; Eſtabliſh it in piety, honour, peace, and plenty. Forgive all the crying ſins, and remove thy judgements far from her. Bleſſe, Bleſſe her governour, thy ſervant, our dread Soveraigne: Endue his ſoule with all religious, civill, and princely vertues; Preſerve his royall perſon in health,

safety and prosperity; prolong his dayes in honour, peace or victory, and crown his death with everlasting glory. Blesse him in his royall Consort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Blesse him in his Princely issue; season their youth with the feare of thy Name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline, and let her enemies be converted, or confounded; Purge her of all superstition and heresie, and root out from her, whatsoever thy hand hath not planted. Blesse the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Blesse the Tribe of *Levi*, with piety, learning, and humility. Blesse the Magistrates of this Kingdome; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetousnesse. Blesse the Gentry with sincerity, charity, and a good conscience. Blesse the Commonalty with loyall hearts, painefull hands, and plentifull encrease. Blesse the two great Seminaries of this Kingdome; make them fruitfull nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Blesse all thy Saints every where, especially those that stood in the gap betwixt this Kingdome, and thy judgements; that being all members of that Body, whereof thou Christ art head, we may all joyne in humiliation for our sinnes, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdome of glory hereafter.

The

The Presumptuous mans Felicitie.

TEll bauling Babes of *Bugbeares*, to fright them into quietneſſe; or terrifie youth with *old Wives Fables*, to keepe their wild affections in awe; ſuch *Toyes* may work upon their timerous apprehenſions, when wholeſome *precepts* faile, and finde no audience in their youthfull eares: Tell not me of Hell, Devills, or damned ſoules to enforce me from thoſe *pleaſures* which they *nickname ſin*. What tell ye me of *Law*? my ſoul is ſenſible of *Evangelicall precepts* without the needleſſe, and uncorrected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the terrible periphraſe of ſome roaring *Boanerges*, the teadiouſneſſe of whoſe language ſtill determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God far more *mercifull* than his *Miniſters*. Tis true I have not led my life according to the Phariſaicall *ſquare* of their *opinions*, neither have I found judgements according to their *prophecies*, whereby I muſt conclude that God is wonderfully *mercifull*, or they wonderfully *miſtaken*. How often have they thundred *torment* againſt my *voluptuous life*? and yet I feele no *paine*. How bitterly have they threatned *ſhame* againſt the *vaunts* of my *vaine-glory*? yet finde I *honour*. How fiercely have they preach'd *deſtruction* againſt my *cruelty*? and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* againſt my *ſwearing*? yet not *infected*; What

diſeſe

diſeaſes againſt my *drunkenneſſe*? and yet *ſound*; What *danger* gainſt *procraſtination*? yet how often hath God been found upon the *deathbead*? What *damnation* to *Hypocrites*? yet who more *ſafe*? What *ſtripes* to the *ignorant*? yet who more *ſcotfree*? What *poverty* to the *ſloathfull*? yet themſelves *proſper*. What *falls* to the *proud*? yet ſtand they *ſureſt*. What *curſes* to the *Covetous*? yet who *Richer*? What *judgements* to the *laſcivious*? yet who more *pleaſure*? What *vengeance* to the *prophane*, the *cenſorious*, the *revengefull*? yet none live more *unſcourg'd*: Who deeper *branded* than the *Lyar*? yet who more *favor'd*? Who more *threatned* than the *preſumptuous*? yet who leſſe *punished*? Thus are we fooled and keept in awe with the ſtrict *fancies* of thoſe *Pulpit-men*, whoſe opinions have no ground but what they gaine from popularity: Thus are we frighted from the *liberty* of *Nature* by the politick *Chimeraes* of *Religion*; whereby we are neceſſitated to the obſerving of thoſe *Laws*, whereof we finde a greater neceſſity of breaking.

But ſtay, my ſoule, there is a voyce that darts into my troubled thoughts, which ſaith, *Becauſe thou haſt not kept my Lawes, all the curſes in this booke ſhall overtake thee, till thou be deſtroyed*, Deut. 29.

His,

His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 17.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evill upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voyce of the Lord thy God to observe and doe all his Commandements and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certaine thou must die, and uncertaine when, how, or where; seeing death is alwayes at thy heeles, thou must (if thou be wise) alwayes be ready to die.

Idem.

To commit a sin is an humane frailty, to persist in it is a devilish obstinacy.

Idem.

There are some who hope in the Lord but yet in vaine, because they onely smooth and flatter themselves that God is mercifull, but repent not of their sin; such confidence is vaine and foolish, and leads to destruction.

His

His Soliloquie.

Presumption is a sinne, whereby we depend upon Gods *mercies* without any warrant from Gods Word: It is as great a sin, O my soule, to hope for Gods mercy, without *Repentance*, as to distrust Gods mercy upon *Repentance*. In the first thou wrongst his *Justice*; In the last, his *mercy*. O my presumptuous soule, let not thy *prosperity in sinning* encourage thee to sin; lest, climbing *without Warrant* into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgement. Be not deceived, a long *Peace* makes a bloody *War*, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharpe judgment. Patience, when slighted, turns to *fury*, but ill-requited, starts to *vengeance*. Thinke not, that thy unpunisht sin is hidden from the eye of Heaven, or that Gods judgements will delay for ever. The stalled Oxe that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not far from *slaughter*; The *Ebbe*, O my desperate soule, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must goe on, and then it hurries on the wings of the wind: Advise thee then, and whilst the *Lampe* of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the *evill day*, which being come, *Repentance* will be out of date, and all thy *Prayers* will finde no eare.

Tertull.

A Christian hath no morrow] that is, should put off no duty untill the morrow.

His

His Prayer.

GRacious God, whose mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodnesse is unspeakable, I the unthankfull object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy *continuall wrath*, humbly present my selfe-made misery before thy sacred Majesty; Lord when I looke upon the horridnesse of my sinne, shame strikes me dumb, but when I turne mine eye upon the infiniteneſſe of thy mercy, I am emboldned to poure forth my soule before thee, as in the one, finding matter for confusion, so in the other, arguments for compassion. Lord I have *sinned grievously*, but my Saviour hath *satisfied abundantly*; I have trespasſed *continually*, but he hath suffered *once for all*. Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the haires of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the starres of the skie; My sins in greatneſſe are like the mountaines of the Earth, but his mercy is greater than the Heavens: Oh if his mercy were not greater than my sins, my sins were impardonable, for his therefore and thy mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions; make my head a fountaine of teares, and accept my contrition O thou Well-spring of all mercy; stregthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin; Encreaſe a holy anger in me that I may revenge my selfe upon my selfe for displeasing so gracious a Father; Fill my heart with a *feare* of thy

thy *judgements*, and ſweeten my thoughts with the *meditation* of thy *mercies*. Goe forwards O my God, and perfect thy own worke in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodneſſe; furniſh my mouth with the prayſes of thy name, and repleniſh my tongue with continuall thankſgiving. Thou haſt promiſed pardon to thoſe that repent; behold I repent; Lord quicken my Repentance. Thou mighteſt have made me a terrible example of thy juſtice, and ſtruck me into Hell in the height of my preſumption; but thou haſt made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiſeration, for thou art a gracious God, of long-ſuffering, and ſlow to anger, thy name is wonderfull, and thy mercies incomprehenſible. Thou art onely worthy to be praiſed. Let all the people praiſe thee O God, O let all the people praiſe thee, Let Angels and Archangels praiſe thee, Let the Congregations of Saints praiſe thee, Let thy works praiſe thee, Let every thing that breathes praiſe thee for ever, and for ever. *Amen*.

The End.

BARNABAS,

OR,

The Compassionate

SAMARITAN,

Powring *Oyle* into Wounded

SPIRITS.

The Second Part:

BY

FRA. QUARLES.

The 4th Edition.

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The Second Part:

Judgement & Mercy for afflicted Soules.

Part II.

The weary mans burthen.

GOd, who in himself is the fulneſſe and perfection of all Glory, who needed no Tongue to praiſe it, no Pen to expreſſe it, no Worke to magnifie it, created a World for his own pleaſure, furniſh'd it of his own goodneſſe, made *Man* out of his own mere motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, & as a *witneſſe* and an *inſtrument* of his Glory, the ſole *end* of his *Creation*. But *man* grew *proud*, *tranſgres'd* againſt his firſt *Commandement*, & *fell*, & by his *fall* deſtroyed his then unborn *poſterity*: *Sin* entred the world, and *death* by ſin, and I poore miſerable *creature*, borne in ſin, have turned his glory to *diſhonour*, my due obedience to *Rebellion*, & my happineſſe into eternall *death*. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this *ſin*! How inſufferable is the *weight* of my *offences*! If I but *think* of *Heaven*, it clogs my *contemplations*; If I but *pray* to *Heaven*, it preſſes down my *devotion*: I have loſt the *favour* of my God, I have frustrated

His Reſt.

ſtrated the *end* of my creation, I have broke the peace of my *conſcience*, I have clipt the wings of my faith, I have diſht the comfort of my hopes: Good Angels have forſaken me, my conſcience hath accuſed me, Gods *Prophets* have condemned me, and *Hell* gapes for me. What ſhall I do? Or whither ſhall I flie? ſhall I ſeeke to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away diſpleaſed: They will not heare me, or if they would, they cannot helpe me. Shall I flie to my own conſcience? alas that will flie on me. Shall I truſt on my own *Merits*? alas they are falſe *Lights*, and will light me to my own ruine: Or ſhall I take the wings of the Morning, and flie to the utmoſt parts of the Earth? alas, my ſins will follow me, my ſins will *haunt* me whereſoever I go. Poore miſerable man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this burthen? Poore miſerable man that I am, who ſhall releaſe me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poore diſtreſſed *Soule*? Is there no *eaſe* for a poore diſconſolate *Sinner*? Is there no *Balſome* for a *wounded Heart*? no *Refuge* for a *guilty Penitent*.

O my ſoule, why art thou ſo ſad? and why is thy ſpirit ſo diſquieted within thee? Put thy truſt in God who hath ſaid,

Come unto me all you that are heavie laden, and I will give you reſt, Mat. 11. 28.

His

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

Thus saith the Lord: Stand ye in the old wayes, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your soules.

Isaiah 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall returne, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtaine gladnesse and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flie away.

Matth. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meeke and lowly in heart, and ye shall have rest unto your soules.

Hieron. in Epist.

Dost thou feare poverty? Christ calls the poore man blessed; Art thou afraid of labour? paines are the parents of a Crown; Art thou hungry? Faith feares no famine: God the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels, beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with Fasting, Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His

His soliloquie.

TRue, my ſoul, if thou ſhouldſt only canſt an eye upon the *letter* of the *Law*, that letter would ſoone caſt thee and condemne thee; or if thy only object were the baſe *corruptions* of thy ſinful *heart*, there were ſufficient cauſe to juſtifie that condemnation; or hadſt thou nothing elſe to truſt to but thine owne *abilities*, thy caſe were too too miſerable for expreſſion; or ſhouldſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that glorious *Majeſty* thou haſt *offended*, there were no hopes for conſolation: But, O my ſoule, there is a *Goſpel* to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*; There is a *Chauncery* to moderate the ſeverity of that *Law*; There is a Saviour to moderate betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou in *bondage*? O my ſoul, here is *freedome*; Art thou *dejected*? Here is *comfort*; Art thou *purſued*? here is a *Refuge*; Art thou *overburdened*? here is *reſt*; Art thou *condemned*? here is a *pardon*. Appeale therefore from the Throne of *Juſtice* to the ſeat of *Mercy*; from the *juſtice* of *Jehovah* to the *mercy* of thy *Jeſus*, *deny* thy ſelf, and he will *own* thee; *empty* thy ſelfe, and he will *fill* thee. Let not thy *ſins* affright thee, he hath *ſatisfied*; Let not *Hell* diſmay thee, he hath *ſuffered*; Let not the *firſt death* trouble thee, he hath *ſweetened* it; Let not the *ſecond death* terrifie thee, he hath *conquered* it: Feare not to *come* to him; for he hath *called* thee; Feare not to *pray* to him; for he will *hear* thee.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the helpe of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse*; I a poore *Sonne* of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sinne*, and wallowing in my owne *corruptions*, lie prostrate here before the foot-stoole of thy *Mercy seat* acknowledging my grievous *Sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy only *Sonne*, but made his pretious *blood* a Ransome to redeeme me from the jawes of *Death*! I have made my selfe a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*; I have made my selfe a *Sinner*, and he hath given himselfe to be my *Saviour*: To thee therefore O my blessed *Jesus* whose *Death* is my *deliverance*, I flie; Before thee (who art more *mercyfull*, than I am *miserable*) I fall: Thy *Mercies* have invited mee, thy *Merits* have emboldened mee, to present my *groanes* before thy gracious *Eares*, and to lay my *Burthen* upon thy dying *Shoulders*? O Lambe of God which takest away the *sinnes* of the *world*, have mercy upon me; O Lambe of God that takest away the *Burthen* of my sinnes, have mercy upon me, and grant me thy *Rest*; O thou that tookest my *flesh* upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*; Sanctifie my *thoughts*, Be mercyfull to my *sinnes*, Be gracious to my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of thy

thy *merits* reſtore me to the *favour* of my *God*. Let the *freeneſſe* of thy *mercy* releaſe me from the *burthen* of my *Conſcience*. *Wean* me from my ſelfe, *Direct* me in thy *Wayes*. Be thou my *Reſt*, Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering *faith*, Recall my wandring *Hopes*, Give thy *Angels* charge over me, whom I have ſo often ſent grieved away. *Eſtabliſh* me with a free *Spirit*, and *reſtore* me to the joy of thy *Salvation*. Let that *power* that calls me, enable me to come, and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promiſe*. Let thy *Word* comfort me, Let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counſell me, that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, releaſed from the *Burthen* of my ſinnes, and redeemed by the virtue of thy *Blood*, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a ſonne, and be received of thee in the *Compaſſion* of a Father; and after this life of *Grace*, live with thee in thy Kingdome of *Glory*.

S. Aug.

Chriſt is the way, the truth, and the life: the way, wherein thou ſhouldeſt goe; the truth, whether thou wouldeſt arrive; the life, which thou wouldeſt enjoy.

The

The Sinners Sentence.

The *miſerable* condition of *Man-kind*! What loads of ſelf-made *miſery* is fallen upon the *ſonnes of men*! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to ſtand; and being falen by his ambitious *will*, hath loſt the *power* to *riſe*. He was created *good*; but not content with ſuch a goodneſſe, grew covetous to encreaſe it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodneſs. *Evill* he deſired to know; and not knowing the miſery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miſerable: That God, the ſweetneſſe of whoſe *preſence* was the *perfection* of mans *felicity*, he rebelliouſly declined; And, being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himſelfe a *firebrand* of Hell, and I his miſerable child, am made more miſerable by my *own offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this juſt God, whoſe *Juſtice* I have ſo oft offended? What *judgment* may I now ſuſpect from that merciſull God, whoſe *mercy* I have ſo oft abuſed? Is not the practiſe of my life, *Sinne*? Are not the wages of my ſinne, *death*? If *one ſinne* deſtroyed a world of men, ſhall not a *World of ſinnes* deſtroy one Man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Juſtice*, am now afraid to thinke him *Juſt*; I that have ſlighted his *mercy*, have now no warrant to hope him *merciſull*: He that *made* the eye, can

His Sanctuary.

he chooſe but *ſee*? He that ſees all things, beholds he not my *ſinne*? Can he behold my ſinne, and not *punish*? Can he puniſh, and I not confounded? What am I poore duſt and aſhes to ſtand before ſo great an enemy? Did hee not create me for his ſervice, and ſhall not his hand deſtroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* ſhall plead my cauſe? What *Sanctuary* ſhall ſecure me? Shall that *Blood* ſave me which I have ſpilt? Will that judge quit me, which I have crucified? Shall I preſent my prayers to Heaven? Alas my very prayers will returne like *Thunderbolts* upon my head: Shall I lay my ſinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah mee! I dare not leſt they draw down vengeance into my boſome.

Be not afraid, my ſoule, Gods mercy farre tranſcends thy miſery. Cheare up; where *ſinne* abounds, there *grace* abounds much more. O now my ſoule depart in *peace*, for thine eyes ſhall ſee thy *ſalvation*. Open thine ears and heare what the ſpirit ſaith,

He that believeth in me ſhall never die

John. 11. 16.

His Proofs.

Rom. 1.17.

The just shall live by Faith.

John 3.16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Sonne, that whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16.31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy houshold.

John 5.24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the soule, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.

Cassiod.

Man enjoyes all things in himselfe that enjoyes himselfe; but he onely enjoyes himselfe, that enjoyes his God: and he alone enjoyes his God that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure than the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind, light; to the sick, health, to sinners Repentance, to the penitent, salvation.

His Soliloquie.

But is thy *misery*, O my ſoule, greater than his *mercy*? 'Tis true the practiſe of thy life is *ſinne*, but the practiſe of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy ſinne is *death*, but the merits of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of Vengeance *juſt*? and well thou mayſt, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *mercifull*: Old *Adam* hath runne thee in *debt*, and *young Adam* hath paid the *ſcore*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my diſtruſtful ſoul, darken not the Sun-ſhine of his power, with the clouds of thy *infidelity*; Eccliſe not the illuſtrious body of his Mercy, with the interpoſition of thy *deſpaire*: Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Haſt thou ſinned againſt thy Creation? thou art abſolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou haſt ſhed thy Saviours *Blood*: Take comfort, that very blood which thou haſt ſpilt, will *ſave* thee. But thou haſt crucified the Lord of glory: The Lord of glory whom thou haſt crucified, hath crucified thy *ſins*. Fear not then, my ſoule, to flie to ſuch a *Friend*, whoſe arms are open to *embrace* thee, whoſe eyes are open to *behold* thee, whoſe lips are open to *plead* for thee, whoſe wounds are open to eaſe thy *pains*, whoſe eares are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

Hu

His Prayer.

O God, that madeſt all things to ſerve man, that man might the more chearfully ſerve thee; that gaveſt him power to continue in that perfect ſtate thou madeſt him, and a will to uſe that power to thy glory and his own comfort: I the *unhappy* ſonne of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by mine own tranſgreſſions, do here in all humility and contrition, acknowledge my ſelf the *miſerable ſubject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord I have loſt the power to do what thou commandeſt, and am onely left to ſuffer what thy diſpleaſure ſhall lay upon me: But yet, O God, thy mercy is no leſſe infinite than thy juſtice, and far more infinite than my ſinnes, and haſt promiſed life to all believers. Give therefore duſt and aſhes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promiſe*, and what thou haſt commanded to be done, O give me power to doe. Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, O Lord, for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified: Looke not upon thy ſervant, O God, but through the Blood of thy *Sonne*; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour*, out-cry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a ſinner have done, but call to thy rememberance what he my Saviour hath *ſuffered*: O let his bloody *ſweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord I am ſick. I flie to him as my *Phyſician*; I am a treſpaſſer, I

flie to him my *Advocate*; I am a ſuiter, I flie to him my *Mediatour*; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a Sinner, I flie to him my *Saviour*; Let the ſhamefulneſſe of his *death* expiate the ſinfulneſſe of my *life*; and let the willingneſſe of his *Obedience*, ſatisfie for the wilfulneſſe of my *Rebellion*: Let my ſinnes, that cry louder than the ſinnes of *Cain*, be waſht in *his bloud* which ſpeaks better things than the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promiſes* to thoſe that believe: Lord I believe, Lord help my unbeliefe: Quicken my ſoule with *faith*, Inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *Prayers*, that knowing him, I may believe in him; and believing in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praiſe him with *Hoſanna's* here in the Church-militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

Boeth.

There lies on us a great neceſſity of doing well, ſince we doe all things under the eyes of that Judge that ſees all.

The

Th Poore mans Want.

God that created all things for mans use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to doe service to his *Creatour*: But when the proud disloyalty of man *Rebelled*, the *Creature* that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first Creatour, to be anew disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my selfe of by my *Rebellion*? Or how can I a *dog* claim any interest in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the *portion* of the righteous? And if the righteous onely shall inherit the Land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sonnes*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I am no Son, and therefore no *Heir*, that insomuch what I possesse I enjoy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call mine owne? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a *sinner*; I am *poor*, for I want the thing I have; I am *blind*, for I cannot see my wants; I am *naked*, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame; I can see nothing but that I am wretched, and poore, and blind, and naked

His Supply.

ked; I can expect nothing but what I first must receive; I can receive nothing, but what must first be given; Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*; prayer hath no virtue but by *Faith*, and whatsoever is not of faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supply this *emptinesse*? By what means shall I relieve my *wants*? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse*? What clothes shall hide my *nakednesse*? If I pray for what I want, I feare I shall not want what I deserve: I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *talent*; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Sonne*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me; I that have banish'd my selfe from my *Fathers* bounteous table, am now marshald among *swine*.

Return, return thee O my soule into thy Fathers arms; Confesse thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you, John 16. 23.

His

His Proofs.

1 John. 5. 14, 15.

And this is the confidence we have in him: if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; If wee know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

Iohn 14. 13.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son; If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seeke, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of dayes for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtlesse receive what we desire.

Ambrose.

We have all things in Christ, *and* Christ *is all things in us; If we are sick, he is a Physician; If we fear death, he is life; if in darknesse, he is light; If in want he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; If thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.*

His Soliloquie.

IF thy own Righteousnesse onely interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth than from thy selfe, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*, and how poore were the *estate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousnesse but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poore in estate, O my soule? finde him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast *happinesse*. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightned with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigall? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own *unworthyneſſe*, and thy fathers *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sins of thy own *wretchednesse* discourage thee, nor the feare of his *displeasure* dishearten thee: Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a *heavenly Father*? Go then my soule: Flie into his bosome by *contrition*, groan thy sorrowes in his eare by penitent *confession*; He that hath called thee will *accept* thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will heare thy *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creatour and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more ſerviceable to thee, or the more inexcuſable in neglecting thy ſervice, I a poore off-caſt among the ſons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have miſſpent thy precious bleſſings doe here return from *huſks* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiſcence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended Father, I have uſurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy bleſſings, & like a *Dogge* devour'd the childrens bread. O God my wants are great, nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodneſſe, *All* in *All*: But yet thy gracious promiſe hath invited me to call on thee in my neceſſities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy word. Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is everlaſting: Lord, as thou haſt made me ſenſible of my *wants*, ſo make me capable of thy *reliefe*. Remove my *wretchednеſſe* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my poverty by thy all-ſufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindneſſe* by thy *light*: Cover my *nakedneſſe* with thy *Robe*; Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy Laws be mine *inheritance*. Heare the needy when he calls upon thee, and helpe the poore that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my truſt even from my mothers Wombe. Make me ſufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace ſhall be ſufficient for me.

Prvooke

Provoke in my ſoule a thirſt after righteouſneſſe, that I may take and drinke the Cup of thy ſalvation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy pleaſure, and grant my Requeſts according to thy *promiſe*. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *patience*, to expect thy leaſure. What I poſſeſſe, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and *Thee* in it; Relieve my neceſſities according to thy will, and let thy pleaſure limit my deſires: In my *Proſperity* let me not forget thee, and in my *Adverſity* let me not forſake thee. With *Jacobs* wealth, Lord give me *Jacobs* bleſſing; With *Lazarus* want, O give me *Lazarus* reward; Both in want and wealth give me a *contented mind*: both in proſperity and adverſity, give me a *thankfull heart*. Lord heare my prayer for thy mercy ſake, for my miſeries ſake, for thy promiſe ſake, for my Jeſus ſake, to whom be glory and praiſe for ever and ever.

S. Auguſt.

Thy gold cannot doe to thee the office of ſilver, thy mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light coole thy thirſt, but thy God can be all things to thee.

The

The Forgetfull mans Complaint.

WE are Gods *husbandry*, our hearts are the *ſoil* wherof ſome is more *fruitfull* ſome more *barren*, and both unprofitable; His holy Word is the *ſeed*, which ſometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, ſometimes upon a *ſtoney*, ſometimes upon a good *ground*; The *cares* of the world are like *thorns* that ſpring up and choke it; *Perſecutions*, like a ſowltry ſummer, ſcorch it; The *luſts* of the fleſh, like the fowls of the air, which wait upon the *plough* & licens'd by the Prince of the air, devour it. How many diſadvantages, O God, attend upon thy *husbandry*? how many loſſes leſſen thy *increaſe*? how many accidents make thy *ſoil* unfruitfull, & thy Harveſt eaſie and unprofitable? To what purpoſe do I till my *land*? To what advantage doI ſtir my *fallowes*? I have no ſooner ſowed my willing ground, but the ſeed is ſtoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared heart*; I heare *glad tidings* with a *chearefull eare*, and then repoſe them in a joyfull *breſt*: But when I looke into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold ther's nothing there but *emptineſſe* and *vanity*. The joyes of what I *gaind* were ſwallowed with the grief of what I loſt. No ſooner had I ſet my portalls open to let in the King of *glory*; but lo, the flightneſſe of my *entertainment* turn'd him out againe. I hid my *Saviour* in the Sepulchre of my ſoule, and they have taken away my Lord, and I know

His Soliloquie.

know not where they have laid him, my Beloved withdrew himſelfe, and is gone, and I have ſought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*, how haſt thou betrayed my *reſt*? how haſt thou loſt the balſome of thy Soule! How art thou heedleſſe in preſerving what my poore ſoule was ſo earneſt in purſuing? How canſt thou chooſe but feele the ſtroke of death, having thus loſt the Word of *life*? What ſhall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions*? O what ſhall ſtrengthen thee in thy *Temptations*? or what ſhall wind up the plummets of thy ſoule in *Deſperation*?

Cheare up my ſoule, the *Pearle* which thou haſt loſt, is hidden in thy *field*, and time ſhall bring it forth; when ſharpe *Afflictions* ſhall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearle ſhall then appear and comfort thee. Turne and read what the Spirit ſaith,

The holy Spirit ſhall bring to your remembrance whatſoever I have ſaid unto you, John 14. 26.

His

His Proofs.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testifie of me.

1 John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Greg in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulneſſe where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulneſſe where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote againſt ſeven poyſons. It is Wiſdom againſt folly, quicknesſe of apprehenſion againſt dulneſſe, faithfulneſſe of memory againſt forgetfulneſſe, fortitude againſt feare, knowledge againſt ignorance, piety againſt profaneneſs, humility againſt pride.

His

His Soliloquie.

THe ſtrongeſt City (when force without, and treachery within aſſails it) muſt yield; and canſt thou expect, O my ſoule, to be impregnable? Haſt thou the *Devil* and the *world* without thee, and ſo many Regiments of *luſts* within thee, yet thinkeſt thou to ſuſtain no loſſe? Art thou ſo unexperienced in the Chriſtian war to think thy *Magazine* ſafe upon ſo ſtrong a ſiege? Thou ſtoreſt thy heart with plenty of the *bread* of *life*, and canſt thou hope to keepe it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou ſoweſt thy ground with liberall ſeed, and thinkeſt thou that the Fowls of the aire (being *Lucifers* own regiment) will not *rob* thee of a ſhare? Thou filleſt thy *Treaſury* with ſummes of wealth, and canſt thou hope the Troops within thee will not plunder thee? Vex not thy ſelfe my ſoule, what's taken from thee with too ſtrong an arm, ſhall be no loſſe to thee; Conſent not, but continue loyall, and thy *compulſions* ſhall never wrong thee; If thy domeſtick *Rebels* ſequeſter thy whole eſtate, thy loyalty ſhall preſerve thee. Chear thee, O then, my ſoule, the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* ſhall be repayed, thy wronges ſhall be repaired; till then, thy *ſufferings* ſhall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* ſhall be reguarded.

His

His Prayer.

O God without whoſe ſpeciall bleſſing and ſucceſſe, *Paul* plants in vaine, and *Apollo* waters to no purpoſe; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, enricheſt all thoſe hearts from whom thy patience ſhall expect increaſe; I, the worſt piece of all thy Husbandry, doe here acknowledge and confeſſe mine own *barrenneſſe*, as moſt unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou haſt often ploughed my heart with *trialls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the preſence of thy Heavenly grace, and ſowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet ſuch is the baſe condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the *coldneſſe* of the ſoile ſtarves it, or the *cares* of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devill robs it, that it cannot bring forth encreaſe worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy *husbandry*, continue thy careſull hand upon me, and ſupply my weakneſſe with thy ſtrength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that haſt given thy word for a *Lampe* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, ſo open mine eyes that I may behold the frailty of my *fleſh*; ſo cleare my ſight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *World*, and the ſnares of *Satan*. Be thou my *Skreen*, to preſerve this Lampe: Be thou my *Lanterne*, to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my *fleſh* may not obſcure it, that the vanities

of

of the *World* may not ecclipſe it, that the ſuggeſtions of *Satan* may not conſume it. Unlock mine eares, that I may heare what thou commandeſt, Lock thou my memory, that I may retaine what I heare; Enlarge my heart, that I may practiſe what I retaine, and open thou my *lips*, that I may prayſe thee in my practiſe. Conſider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken mee according to thy loving kindneſſe. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to keepe thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy ſervant, upon which thou haſt cauſed mee to hope. Behold I am weake, be thou my helper: Behold I am comfortleſſe, be thou my *Comforter*. Reſtraine his malice that ſteals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time commeth, thy *Harveſt* may be fruitfull, and I thy ſervant being found faithfull may enter into my Maſters joy, and be received into eternall Glory.

S. Hieron.

We are all carefull about ſmall matters, and negligent in the greateſt, of which this is the reaſon; we know not where true felicity is.

The

The Widows Diſtreſſe.

SO vain, ſo momentary are the pleaſures of this world, ſo tranſitory is the happineſſe of mankinde, that what with the expectation that goes before it, and the *cares* that go with it, and the griefs that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miſerable in the enjoying it: The greateſt of all wordly joyes are but bubbles full of air, that breake with the fulneſſe of their own vanity, and but at beſt like *Jonahs* Gourd, which pleaſe us while they laſt, and vex us in the loſſe: *Paſt* and future happineſſe are the miſeries of the time preſent; and preſent happineſſe is but the paſſage to approaching miſery, which being tranſitory, and meeting with a tranſitory *poſſeſſour*, periſh in the very uſing; what was mine yeſterday in the bleſſedneſſe of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a ſad remembrance, it was mine: The more I call to mind the joyes I had, the more ſenſible I am of the miſery I have. My *Sunne* is ſet, my glory is darkned, and not one ſtar appeares in the *Firmament* of my little world. He from whoſe loyns I came, is taken from me, He to whoſe boſome I returned, is taken from me: My Bleſſings in the one my Comforts in the other, are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poore third part of my ſelfe to bewaile

Her Reliefe.

bewaile the loſſe of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-caſt title of an *Orphan*, I that was reſpected by the honourable title of a wife, am now rejected by the deſpiſable name of a widow; I that flouriſh'd like a fruitfull vine upon the houſe top, am now neglected and trodden under foot. Hee that like a ſtrong wall ſupported my tender *Branches*, is fallen, and left my *Cluſters* to the ſpoile of ravenous ſwine. The Springtides of my Plenty are ſpent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants; The *Sonnets* of my mirth, are turned to Elegies of mourning, My *Glory* is put out & my honour grovels on the duſt: I call to my friends, and they neglect mee: I ſpread forth my hands, and there is none to helpe mee: My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are ſwallowed up.

But ſtay my ſoule, plunge not too far, ſhall not he take, that gave? Cannot he that tooke, reſtore? The Lord is thy portion, who ſaith,

I will be an huſband to the Widow, and a Father to the fatherleſſe, Pſal. 68.5.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

Ye shall not afflict any Widdow, or fatherlesse child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely heare their cry.

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the Sword, and your wives shall be Widdows, and your children fatherlesse.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witnesse against those that oppresse the Widdow and the fatherlesse.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visite the fatherlesse and Widdow in their affliction.

Augustt.

God is all things to thee; Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirsty? he is water: Art thou in darknesse? he is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a Widdow? he is thy Husband; Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Idem.

Whatsoever is not God, is not desirable: Whatsoever my God bestowes upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himselfe: Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver.

Her

Her Soliloquie.

HOw hath the *Sun-shine* of Truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candlelight* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soule hath this light descryed, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were not visible: Excessive sadnesse for so great a *losse* can want no Arguments from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *ballance* of *Nature*. A husband is thy selfe, *divided*; Thy children thy selfe, *multiplied*; for whom (when snatcht away) God allows some *graines* to thy affections; but when they exceede the allowance, they will not passe in Heavens account but must be coin'd againe. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a teare; and cannot, he, my soule, displease thee once without so *many*? Doth the want of spirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and shall a *temporall losse* so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not *comforted*? True symptomes of more *flesh* than *spirit*: Thy husband was the *gift*; thy God, the *giver*; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* than the *gift*? Be wise, my soule, if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God*; having therefore wet thy wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Natures *Sun-shine*.

His

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not over prize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happiness, but a sad *witnesse* of its vanity, do here addresse my selfe to thee the only *crown* of all my joyes, in whom there is no *variableness*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord thou didst give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodnesse hath promised to supply: Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then O God, who art not lesse able to perform, than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow, than my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*; Encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*; Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *All* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, & light é my darkenesse with the Sunne of thy *glory*. Seale in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldnesse call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of *meekeness*, that my conversation may testifie that I am thy child. Weane my heart from worldly

ly ſorrow, leſt I mourne like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroome, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit: Prevent me with thy bleſſings: Protect me by thy Grace; Preſerve me for thy ſelfe: Prepare me for thy Kingdome. Be thou a Father to bleſſe me: Be thou a husband to comfort me. In the midſt of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raiſe my glory from the duſt, and then my duſt ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe. Be thou a wall to ſupport my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flouriſh in the Sunne-ſhine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit in the glory of thy Name.

Chryſ.

Nothing is more rich then he that undergoes a willing poverty, and beares it with a religious cheerfulneſſe.

S. Baſil.

Before wee do any thing elſ, bee wee careful to conſecrate the firſt fruits of the day, and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the ſervice of God.

The

The Afflicted mans Trouble.

WHich way ſoever I turne mine eyes, I ſee nothing but ſpectacles of *miſery*, and emblemes of *mortality*; if I looke up, there I behold an *angry God*, and I am troubled: Looke downwards, there I ſee a prepared *Hell*, and I am terrified. Looke on my right hand, and there proſperity emboldens me to a ſecure *preſumption*: Looke on my left hand, and there adverſity enforces me to a ſad deſpaire. Looke about me and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me; Looke within me, and there I ſee a guilty *conſcience* accuſing me; in all which I perceive nothing but *miſery*, nothing but *man*, and in that miſery, that *periphraſe* of man, Man that is born of a woman, hath but a ſhort time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time ſhort, man were the miſerableſt of all creatures, and I the miſerableſt of all men. I am ſtill haunted with three Enimies, the *World*, the *Fleſh*, and the *Devil*. The World troubles me with her *cares*: The Fleſh troubles me with *infirmities*: The Devil troubles me with *temptations*: If I am rich, I am troubled with *feares* to loſe: If poore, I am troubled with *cares* to get: If ſingle, troubled to ſeeke a wife: If married, troubled to pleaſe a wife: If I have Children, every Child is a new trouble: If childleſſe, I am as much troubled for an heire: If ſick, troubled with *diſtem-*

pers and *drugs*; If found, troubled with *lust* or *labour*: If in my businesse, troubled with *vexation*; If in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turne me to avoid this *toil*? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madnesse, therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous wine? In much wine is much distraction, therefore *trouble*. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdome is much griefe; and who encreaseth knowledge encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To whom shall I addresse my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaime me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me: O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I may flie away and be at rest. But whether wouldst thou flie?

Flie from thy selfe, my soule, and hast thee to that voyce that sayes, *Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will heare thee.*

His Proofs.

He ſhall call upon me, and I will anſwer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him. Pſal. 91. 15.

Pſal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have ſeen their deſire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our ſelves are comforted of God.

Pſal. 81. 7.

Thou calledſt to me in trouble, and I delivered thee, I anſwered thee in the ſecret place of thunder.

Greg. Mag.

It is the worke and providence of Gods ſecret counſell, that the dayes of the Elect ſhould be troubled in their pilgrimage. This preſent life is the way to our long home; God therefore in his ſecret wiſdome afflicts our travell with continuall trouble, leſt the delight of our journey might take away the deſire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is repleniſht with ſo many evils, that death is rather a remedy than a puniſhment; God therefore hath made it ſhort, that ſeeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the ſooner be removed from them

His Soliloquie.

BE wise my soule, and what thou canst not remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome the World; Doth the *flesh* trouble thee? *Mortifie* the flesh in thy members; Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? *Resist* the Devil, and he will flie from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too carefull for to *morrow*? Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of *to day*. Doth *sickneſſe* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with *concupiscence*? *Fast and pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with *vexation*? Let those *vexations* wean thee from the World; Is thy *devotion* troubled with distractions? Let those *distractions* bring thee closer to thy God. Do losses trouble thee? Make *godlineſſe* thy gaine. Do Crosses trouble thee? Make the *Crosse* thy Meditation. Thus whilst thou struggleſt against the *streame* of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a gale of Grace; and when thy strength shall faile thee, a stronger arme shall strengthen thee. He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee of with conqueſt: Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the ſearcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comforter of all true penitents, whoſe wayes are inſcrutable, whoſe judgements are intolerable, whoſe mercy is incomprehenſible; I thy *afflicted* ſuppliant ſenſible of thy diſpleaſure, bewaile the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conſcience, and thy *fatherly corrections*; which way ſoever I looke I ſee nothing but ſinne and death, nothing but miſery: But Lord, ſo infinite is thy mercy above my ſinne, and ſo little pleaſure takeſt thou in the deſtruction of a ſinner that thou haſt commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and haſt promiſed to heare me. In due obedience therefore to thy ſweet command, and in firme confidence of thy gracious Promiſe, my bended Knees, O God, preſent thee with a brooken heart. Thy ſacrifices, O God, are a contrite ſpirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe. Lord, I am weake, ſtrengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are ſtrong, weaken them with thy power; Suppreſſe the cares of the World that ſo *oppreſſe* me; Subdue the exorbitances of the fleſh that ſo *moleſt* me; Curb the inſolencies of the Devill, that ſo *afflict* me; Endue my arme with power, and arme my heart with *patience*: Make haſte, O God, to heare me, make ſpeed, O Lord, to helpe me. Breake not thy Covenant with thy ſervant, O God,

nor alter what thy lips have uttered; Remember thy promiſe to the ſonne of thy Handmaid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble; I call to thee in the time of my diſtreſſe, deliver me, O God, acording to thy Word. Conſider O Lord, I am but duſt, O magnifie thy power in my weakneſſe. Remember, O God, that I have beene long *afflicted*, O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance: For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the Grave what tongue can praiſe thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my ſoule is troubled, but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great; Reguard my *troubles*; for they are many: Quicken my ſoule for thy Names ſake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then ſhall my ſoule rejoyce in thy ſalvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Auguſt.

No Servant of Chriſt is without affliction. If you expect to be free from perſecution, you have not yet ſo much as begun to be a Chriſtian.

The

The Deserted mans Misery.

WHen I consider but the goodnesse of my God in offering his gracious favours to mee, and my owne vileneſſe in refuſing of ſuch gracious offers, I cannot chooſe but wonder at his mercy, in that I live, and am not ſnatch'd away from the poſſibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a life that is branded with the *marke* of death? And what happineſſe is this *poſſibility* of Repentance, which hath no ſtrength to actuate it, but thy own? My ſoule in what a caſe art thou? Into what a miſerable eſtate art thou reduced? Thou haſt forſaken thy God, & I feare thy God hath forſaken thee. Me thinks I want the glory of that *Sunne* that once revived me; Me thinks I lack the Comfort of thoſe *beames* that once refreſh'd me; Me thinks I feare, where no feare is; and where I moſt ſhould feare, I find my ſelfe no whit afraid. Thoſe heavenly *Raptures*, which heretofore ſurprized my raviſh'd ſoule, have now no realiſh in my drowzie eare: Thoſe heart-confounding judgements whoſe very whiſpers in former times would ſplit my ſoule in ſunder, now move not: if they thunder: Thoſe ſinfull thoughts that preſt my ſoule like Mil-ſtones, can now be acted and reacted without a ſigh: Thoſe heavenly *Prophets*, whoſe preſence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with

their abſence. My heart is a lumpe of *dead fleſh*, my ſoule is ſtricken with a dead *Palſie*, my affections with a *Lethargy*. My *zeale* is frozen, my faith is bed-rid, my charity is dead, and my greateſt griefe is that I cannot grieve. The *marke* of *Cain* is upon me, and I feare that every beaſt that meets me will devour me. O my ſoule, what comfort can remaine with thee, when the God of comfort hath forſaken thee? What *ſafety* canſt thou finde, when thou haſt loſt the God of peace? What would I not forgoe that I might re-obtain my God! what pleaſure would I not abjure, that I might regaine his gracious pleaſure!

Cheare up, my ſoule; who gives thee a *heart* to deſire, will likewiſe give thee thy *hearts-deſire*. Let not his ſeeming abſence diſmay thee: The ſenſe of his abſence, is the *Symptome* of his preſence. Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy deſpaire, which ſaith,

For a ſmall moment have I forſaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee, Iſaiah 54.7.

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

The Lord thy God is a mercifull God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he sware unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Joshua 1. 5.

I will not faile thee nor forsake thee.

Nehemiah 1. 31.

For thy great name sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

Let no man despaire; Let none conscious of his old sinnes make himselfe uncapable of divine grace; For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Bernard.

Whenever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord save us, for we perish: This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers; though for a time he seemes a far off, feare not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His Soliloquie.

IF thy *breath*, O my ſoule, faile thee but a minute, thou dyeſt; If thy health forſake thee awhile, thou languiſheſt; If thy *ſleepe* leave thee, thou art diſtempered; No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled: Deject not, O my ſoule, nor let thy thoughts deſpaire. Stay thee with his Promiſes, and comfort thee with his *Mercies*. Doſt thou mourn for him? Thou ſhalt be *comforted* in him; Doſt thou thirſt after him? Thou ſhalt be *filled* with him: He that ſuffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his ſake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Teare* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to ſharpen thy deſire; He ſeemes loſt to *enflame* the ſeeker: He forſakes thee a while, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wanteſt him, becauſe thou deſireſt him; Thou deſireſt him, becauſe thou loveſt him; Thou couldeſt not love him had he not firſt loved thee; and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath ſent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou haſt loſt him by thy ſinnes, *ſeeke* him by true Repentance: and if thou finde him by thy Prayers, entertaine him with thy *thankſgiving*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, without the *Sun-ſhine* of whoſe gracious eye, the creature ſits in *darkneſſe*, and the ſhadow of *death*; whoſe preſence is the very life, and true *delight* of thoſe that love thee; Caſt down thy eyes of pitty upon a *loſt ſheepe* of *Iſrael*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold*, into the *Deſart* of his owne *luſts*: What dangers can I chooſe but meete, that have runne my ſelfe out of thy *Protection*? What Sanctuary can ſecure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forſaken thee the God of comfort & conſolation? Returne thee, O great *Shepheard* of my ſoule, and with thy *Crooke* reduce me to thy *Fold*: Thou art my *way*, conduct me; Thou art my *light*, direct me; Thou art my *life*, quicken me: Diſperſe theſe *Clouds* of ſinnes that ſtand betwixt thy angry face, and my be-nighted ſoule. Remove that curſed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath ſet betwixt thy deafned Eare and my confuſed Prayers; and let thy comfortable *beames* reflect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my ſelfe; O Lord, forſake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but deſpaire, and the terrours of Hell have taken hold of me. Caſt me not away from thy preſence and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of ſtone, and give me, O good God, a heart of fleſh, that it may be capable of thy mercies, and ſenſible of thy

judge-

judgements: Plant in my heart a feare of thy name, and deliver my ſoule from carnall ſecurity. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou loveſt, and hate what thou hateſt: Kindle my zeale with a coale from thine Altar, and increaſe my faith by the aſſurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwayes burneſt and never goeſt out, kindle me; O ſacred light, that alwayes ſhineſt and art never darke, illuminate me: O ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoule with the ſhafts of thy love, that it may burne and melt, and languiſh with the onely deſire of thee: Let it alwayes deſire thee, and ſeeke thee, and find thee and ſweetly reſt in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being ſanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chryſ.

To ſuffer patiently is a greater gift then to raiſe the dead.

Watch and pray leaſt ye enter into temptation.

The

The Humble mans Depreſſion.

HOw more than happy are thoſe ſonnes of men, that meaſure no further ground than from the ſacred *Font* unto their peacefull *Grave*! How bleſſed are thoſe Infants, which never lived to taſt thoſe dear-bought *peny-worths* of deceitfull earth? Alas, there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleaſure-guilded *griefe*; Here is nothing but ſubſtantiall *ſorrowes*, clothed in the ſhades of falſe delight: Looke where I liſt, there is nothin can appeare before my eye but ſorrow, the lamentable object of my miſery; Contemplate where I liſt, here is nothing can preſent my thoughts but *Miſery*, the object of my mourning. My ſoule is a ſparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with luſt; an *Image* of my glorious Creatour, but blurr'd with *ſinne*; a parcell of mortall *immortality*, reſerv'd for *death*. My *underſtanding* is darkened with *error*; my *judgement* is perverted with *partiality*; my *will* is diverted with *ſenſuality*; my *memory* like a ſieve, retaines the *Bran*, and lets the flower paſſe: my *affections* are anguiſh to *good*, and feveriſh to *evill*: my *faith* wavers; my *hope* tyres; my *charity* freezes; my thoughts are vaine, my *words* are *idle*, my *actions* ſinfull: My *body* is a Tabernacle of *griefe*, an Hoſpitall of *Diſeaſes*, a tenement of *death*, a ſepulchre of a ſinfull *Soule*. O my Soule, how canſt thou owne thy ſelfe without

out *dejection*, that canſt not view thy ſelfe without *corruption*? How art thou encloſed in walls of duſt, tempered with a few tears: a lumpe of Earth, quickned with a ſpan of life. Thy life is ſhort and evill, truely miſerable, becauſe evill; onely happy, becauſe ſhort. When thou endeavoreſt *good*, thy heart faints: When thou ſtruggleſt with *evill*, thy ſtrength failes. For this my ſoule is humbled, and my ſpirits are depreſt: For this I loath my ſelfe, and view my miſery with indignation.

But cheare up my ſoule, and let not thy thoughts be overpreſt. The *Ball* that is thrown againſt the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace: Art thou humbled? feare not: Doſt thou feare? deſpaire not: Doſt thou deſpaire? perſiſt not: Hearke what the God of truth hath ſaid,

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He that is humble ſhall be exalted, Luke 14.11.

S. Ambroſ. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3.

The Lords Prayer and the Apoſtles Creed, which doe ſeal up our hearts unto the ſervice and love to God, are daily to be repeated every Morning.

His Proofs.

Prov. 29. 23.

A Mans pride ſhall bring him low, but honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your ſelves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are caſt down, then thou ſhalt ſay, there is lifting up, and God ſhall ſave the humble perſon.

Caſſiod.

By humility, the Members of Chriſt knew how to overcome the pride of the Devill. By this the faithfull command; By this tyranny is conquered; By this the Martyrs are crowned: Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

S. Aug.

The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lieth low: Wilt thou deſire thy journeys end, and yet refuſe the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not ſeeking, obtaines what it contemnes.

His

His Soliloquie.

ALL virtues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are beſieged with two *vices*: *Humility*, the fundamentall of all virtues is not exempted. Some puft up with their own lowlineſſe; grow proud, becauſe humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperiſtaſis*; this is *ſpirituall pride*: Others taking too ſingle a view of their own corruptions, and more ſenſible of the diſeaſe than of the *remedy*, are caſt into deſpondency of mind, and this is called *dejection*; the firſt froths up into *preſumption*; the ſecond ſettles down into a *deſpaire*. How canſt thou, O my ſoule, in this Tempeſt, eſcape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis*? Doſt thou feare the toſſing *waves*? contract thy *ſayles*: Feareſt thou the *Quick-ſands*? uſe thy *Compaſſe*: He that ſtills the waves will aſſiſt thee; he that commands the Sea will adviſe thee: Looke not only on thy *Loadſtone*, for then thou wilt not ſee thy *danger*; nor only on thy *miſery*, for then thou wilt not be ſenſible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puffe thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *Dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Looke up, O my ſoule, to Gods mercy, ſo as thou mayeſt be ſenſible of thy owne *miſery*; and ſo looke down on thine owne miſery, as thou mayſt be capable of Gods mercy.

His Prayer.

ETernall God, who ſcattereſt the *proud* in the Imagination of their hearts, and giveſt Grace to the humble and contrite *ſpirit*, bow downe thy gracious eare to me vile duſt and aſhes, whoſe miſery thus caſts it ſelfe before thy mercy. Lord I am aſhamed of mine owne corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition: I am not an object for mine owne eye swithout diſdain, nor a ſubject for mine owne thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to proſtrate my vile ſelfe before thy glorious eyes, and to preſent my ſinfull prayers before thy gracious eares. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my miſery, I could looke for no compaſſion; and if thy grace tranſcended not my ſinne, I could expect nothing but confuſion. O thou that madeſt me of nothing, renew me, that have made my ſelfe farre leſſe than nothing: Revive thoſe ſparkles in my ſoule, which luſt hath quencht: Cleanſe thine image in me, which my ſinne hath blurr'd: Enlighten my underſtanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retaine good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encreaſe my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity. Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Seaſon my words with thy Spirit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wiſdome; Subdue

due the Insolence of my rebellious flesh; Restraine the fury of my unbridled passions; Reforme the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may doe what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my selfe, and make me sensible of mine owne infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may bee truely thankfull for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keepe me from dispaire, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnesse, and truely humbled by the sight of mine owne weakneſſe, I may be here *exalted* by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdome of thy glory.

S. Bernard.

Wherefore should not man greatly humble himselfe under a God of so great humility.

Matth. 5. 9.

Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God.

The

The Sinners Conflict.

WHen *ſinne* entred into the World, *death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the firſt and the ſecond, this *ſpirituall*, that *naturall*; the firſt, a *ſeparation* of the body and the ſoule, and is *temporall*; the ſecond a ſeparation of the body and ſoule from the favour of God, and is *eternall*; the firſt is *terrible*; the ſecond *intolerable*. If the firſt death ſo terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the ſecond be to me the child of *death*? If every triviall griefe diſturbs my thoughts, if every petty ſickneſſe diſtempers my body, if the very thought of death diſmayes my ſoule, how horrible will death it ſelfe appeare? O when the ſilver *Cord* ſhall be diſſolved, the golden *Boul* demoliſh'd, the *Pitcher* at the Fountaine broke, the *Ciſtern* wheels ſtopt, how will the whole *univerſe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and ſhall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea ſhoare hath ſands; all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *ſecond* death. O treacherous and ſoule-deſtroying *ſin* how haſt thou thus betrayed me to eternall death, by thy falſe, momentary, and deceitfull *pleaſures*? How haſt thou bewitcht me with flattering ſmiles, and with thy counterfeit delights thus *tickled* me to death! Thou haſt not onely deprived me of a tranſitory

life

life, but led me into the hideous jawes of an everlaſting *death*: Thou haſt not onely divorced my miſerable ſoule from her beloved *body*, but ſeparated both ſoule and body from the *favours* of my *God*, and left them to the inſufferable *torments* of *eternity*. O my ſoule, can thy life be leſſe than *miſerable*, which being ended, is tranſported to ſo infinite a miſery? How can thy death be leſſe than *terrible*, which opens the Gates to ſuch eternall torments? What wilt thou doe? Or whither wilt thou flie? Thy *actions* cannot ſave thee, nor thy *flight* ſecure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy *luſts*, hath ſtrengthened it ſelfe through thy *weakneſſe*.

Repaire to thy colours, O my ſoule, the *Lord* of *life* is thy *Generall*, He hath foild thy enemy and diſarm'd him. Stand faſt: He is conquered, if thou ſtrive to conquer. Hearke what thy Generall ſaith,

He that overcometh, ſhall not be hurt of the ſecond death, Rev.2.11.

S.Chryſ. *de orando Deum.*

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchſafing him ſo high an honour, as familiarity to ſpeak unto him by prayer.

Her Proofs.

Rev. 2 7.

TO him that overcometh I wil give to eate of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eate of the hidden Manna, & will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this World, for the reward of a better; to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the marke we level at.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

His

His Soliloquie.

OUr life is a *warefare*; and every Chriſtian is two *Souldiers*. The Army conſiſts of *good* and *evill* motions; Theſe under the conduct of the fleſh; Thoſe under the command of the ſpirit. The two *Generalls*, God, and the Devill: The field the heart. The word, on the one ſide, Glory, on the other ſide, *Pleaſure*. The reward of both *Eternity*; on that ſide of, *happineſſe*; on this, ſide of *torment*. How is thy heart, O my ſoule, like *Rebecca's wombe*? How doe two *Nations* ſtrive within thee? Cheare up; take courage in the *Reward* that is ſet before thee: So fight, that thou mayſt *conquer*; ſo runne, that thou mayſt *obtaine*. Let not the *policy* of the Enemy diſmay thee; nor thine own *fewneſſe* diſanimate thee: *Advance* therefore, O my dull ſoule; *feare* not the fiery *darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night: Preſſe towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit reſiſt to *Blood*. Take courage from thy *cauſe*; thou fighteſt for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takeſt up Armes againſt his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Luſts*. Is thy Enemy too potent? *feare* not: Art thou beſieged? *faint* not: Art thou routed? *flie* not: Call aid, and thou ſhalt be *ſtrengthened*: Petition, and thou ſhalt be *relieved*: Pray, and thou ſhalt be *recruited*.

His

His Prayer.

O God to whom belong the iſſues of death, at whoſe terrible Name the very Foundation of my ſoule trembles, I a poore convicted ſinner, accuſed by my own conſcience, and ready to be condemned by thy juſtice, doe here in the very wounding of my heart, confeſſe my ſelfe a miſerable creature; I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy, and where ſhall I finde that mercy, but in my mercifull Redeemer? Bleſſed Redeemer, that haſt promiſed victory to thoſe that *ſtrive*, and life to thoſe that *overcome*; teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: Give me a loyall heart, that the inticements of the World may not ſeduce it; Give me a conſtant ſpirit, that the pleaſures of the fleſh may not entice it; Give me a wiſe fore-caſt, that the ſubtilty of the Devill may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *diſcourage* me, nor the greatneſſe of their powers diſmay me, nor the weakneſſe of my arme *diſhearten* me. Thou that gaveſt little *Iſrael* victory againſt great *Pharaoh*, ſtrengthen me; Thou that gaveſt little *David* the day againſt great *Goliah*, ſuccour me; Thou that gaveſt ſingle *Sampſon* conqueſt againſt the numerous *Philiſtians*, ſave me. Lord fight againſt them that fight againſt my ſoule: Ariſe, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord ſhield mee from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many: Deliver me from the imaginations of

of my own heart, for they are evill, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keepe me from the danger of my secret sinnes. Double my watchfulnesse upon my *Dalilah*, that is so apt to kisse me, and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer: Sustain me, that I may not faint; Second me, that I may not *flie*; Strengthen me that I may not yeeld. Gird my loins with truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousnesse; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory; that having past the terrours of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdome of glory.

S. Cyprian.

For why were we listed into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and doshun and refuse the difficulties of his service.

Sions

Sions Decay.

DOst aske me, why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? canst thou or can thy eye expect a *Sun-shine* where the greater *Lampe* of Heaven is *ecclips'd*? or can my soule be *frolick* when the *Vineyard* of my heart is *blasted*? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* choose but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegroome* sleighted, & the *Brides* lovely cheeks *profaned* with every peasants hand? Can poore affrighted *Lambs* wanton, and frisk upon the pleasant-plains, when as their worried *Mothers* tremble at the Quest of every *Curr*? What *member* can rejoyce, when as the *body* is dismembered? *Sion* the *glory* of Heaven is darkned, and her bright beams obscured? *Sion* the *Vineyard* of our soules is blasted, and her *clusters* are growne sowre; *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer is defiled, her blood-wash'd *Robes* are solid and slubbered; *Sion*, the *Mistresse* of our Flocks is overpowered, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection; *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous brests are dry; *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect* is factious in it selfe, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can my distressed soule finde *rest*, when *Sion the rest* of my distressed soule is oppres'd? How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish

oar of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many baniſhed from their *native ſoyls*, and driven from their uſurped *poſſeſſions*. This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed; her Fences broken; her hedge trodden down: her body torn by *Shiſmaticks*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blaſted with fiery *ſpirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *Bore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her Shepherds are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confuſion is within her *walls*, and deſolation is neare unto her gates. O *Jeruſalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and If I prize not thee above my greateſt joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

But heark, I heare a heavenly voyce whiſpering glad tidings in my eare, which ſaith,

I the Lord do keepe it and will water it. Iſa. 27. 3.

S. Ambroſ.

The Catholick Church is alwaies veſted with the garments of Chriſt, and therefore ever under his protection.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 60. 35.

THe Lord will ſave Sion, and will build the Cities of Judah, that they may dwell there, and have it in poſſeſſion.

Pſal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it ſhall be ſaid, This and that man was borne in her, and the higheſt himſelfe ſhall eſtabliſh her.

Iſa. 14. 30.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poore of his people ſhall truſt in it.

Iſa. 12. 6.

Cry out, and ſhout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy One of Iſrael in the midſt of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certaine truth, that thou loveſt all thoſe that love thee, and never forſaketh thoſe that truſt in thee. For behold, thy Love ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and she is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deſerveth ſo ſweet a ſaying? For their preſence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her Soliloquie.

WHo is not intereſted in the *miſeries* of *Sion?* What ſadneſſe may not be juſtified in her *calamity*? O my ſoule, thou maiſt here ſpend thy ſelfe in holy paſſion, and diſſolve thy ſelfe in tears: But yet be wiſely ſad; let not thy teares exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope: Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroome* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy ſelfe *forgetfull*: No, no, my ſoule, he that ſuffers her to ſuffer, will *ſuſtaine* her in her ſufferance and *Crown* her ſufferings: When ſhee is perſecuted, ſhee *proſpers*; when ſhee is oppreſs'd, ſhee *flouriſheth*; in her contempt, ſhee gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; & with her *Crowne of thorns* a *Crown of glory*: Can ſhee be more like her Bridegroome than in *affliction?* Can ſhee more reſemble her husband than in *perſecution*? Remember, O my ſoule, ſhee is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Feare not, this *Vine* muſt proſper in ſpight of *oppoſition*: Yet know, my ſoule, thou ſhalt not proſper, nor ſee good dayes, unleſſe thou wiſh *proſperity to Jeruſalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Prayer.

O God that art the beautie of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jeruſalem*, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy diſtreſſed Church: Relieve the miſeries of her diſtempered members. She is our *Lampe*, illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power; She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health: We are her *members*; ſanctifie us with thy righteouſneſſe. Let not the malice of Satan diſcourage her: Let not the counſels of the wicked diſturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevaile againſt her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her ſelfe, uniformity in her diſcipline, univerſality in her progreſſe: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Bore. Bleſſe all ſuch as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy juſtice. Let her appeare to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter be all glorious within. Let her be knowne to be thy Arke, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from errour, hereſie, ignorance, and ſuperſtition; and being purged, O take thou pleaſure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which ſuffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed againſt thy Church proſper, and let all tongues

that ſpeake againſt her be confounded. Let her gates be alwayes open, and glorifie the houſe of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy juſtice to the King, and thy righteouſneſſe to the Kings ſonne. Seaſon thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bleſſe the houſe of *Levi*, and bleſſe the houſe of *Aaron*. Turne thy countenance to thy firſt love, the *Jews*, and take not thy Candleſtick from thy choſen, the *Gentiles*; that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to pleaſe thee, we may have one voice to *praiſe* thee, here *militant* in the Kingdome of Grace, and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdome of Glory.

S. Cyprian

He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.

S. Ambroſ.

Ariſe therefore, runne to the Church, there is the Father, there is the Sonne, there is the Holy Ghoſt.

The

The Mourners Calamity.

FOr Stoicisme to rejoyce at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her selfe on any termes; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himselfe a *Man*, needs seeke no further for a cause to mourne: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakneſſe*, the spoile of time, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconſtancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what besides, but *Phlegme* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painfull coming into the World; His *life* a sinfull continuance in the World; His *death* a dreadfull going out of the World. His *birth* brings him into the shop of sinne; his *Childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to sinne; his *youth* makes him *free* in sinne; his *full Age* trades in sinne; his *old Age* breakes him; his last Sickneſſe arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The *pleaſures* hee takes is to displeaſe his God; his *buſineſſe* is to disturbe his Neighbour; his *ſtudy is* to destroy himselfe: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour is *vexation of ſpirit*. His mirth is *a ſhort madneſſe*, his sorrow *a long torment*, his recreation is *a formall Antick*; his devotion an *antick formality*; his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *ſloth* and

charity, whose hot fits are *wrath and concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but *airy shadows* to beguile him; his *honours* are but *frothy pleasures* to betray him: his *profit* is but golden *fetters* to bestave him; the effect whereof is *sinne*, the end whereof is *death*. In briefe, he that would learne to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soule, is this the *pleasure* that this *World* promises? Is this that *happinesse* that this great *promiser* affords? Had man no hopes of greater happinesse than Earth can give, how more unhappy were he than a beast! What happinesse can counterpoize his *sorrow*? What mirth can countervaile his *misery*? What comfort is there in this House of *Mourning*? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crusht hopes rely.

Darest thou believe the word of Truth? hearke what the word of Truth hath said,

Blessed are they that mourne, for they shall be comforted, Mat. 5. 4.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 119. 50.

THis is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Iſ. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable yeare of the Lord, and the day of vengeance to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turne their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their ſorrow.

Pſal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which haſt ſhewed me great and ſore troubles, ſhalt quicken me againe, and ſhalt bring me up againe from the depth of the Earth; Thou ſhalt encreaſe my greatneſſe, and comfort me on every ſide.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great darke cloud of calamity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Iuſtice, and the light of Truth: But Lord, thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſſe and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Phyſician of ſouls, That ſtrikeſt and healeſt, bringeſt into Hell and draweſt out againe.

His soliloquie.

MIſery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man: He that views himſelfe impartially, needs ſeeke no ſubject for a teare; yet, O my ſoule, hadſt thou not ſeene thine own *miſery*, how more miſerable hadſt thou been! Hadſt thou beene hoodwinkt to thy *corruptions*, hadſt thou beene blind to thine *Infirmities*, had thy filth beene painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redreſſe beene blockt up! How hadſt thou ſtumbled at thy *ſelfe*, and fallen at thine own *deſtruction*! O my ſoule, it is a great part of ſafety, to ſee a danger: a good ſtep towards *health*, to diſcover the diſeaſe: a faire progreſſe towards *happineſſe*, to behold thine owne miſery: But *evils* diſcovered, and no more, grow *ſharper* by the diſcovery: He onely *uſes* a *foreſeen danger*, that endeavours to avoid it: He *profits* by a diſcovered diſeaſe that labours to *amend* it: He takes *benefit* by *previſed miſery*, that ſtrives to *eſchew* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my ſoule, be thou as ſtrongly arm'd. Doeſt thou plead *weakneſſe*? be couragious, and thou *ſhalt be victorious*: Does ſadneſſe coole thy courage? be patient, and thou ſhalt be *comforted*: remember thou art militant. Doſt thou find thy ſelfe *timerous*? ſtrengthen thy ſelfe with *reſolution*: Doeſt thou finde thy ſelfe *ſpent*? fortifie thy ſelfe by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that heareſt the *ſighing* of a contrite heart, and bottleſt up the teares of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious eare and heare the torments of a *grieved* breaſt: Looke on my *tears*, and reade in them what my cloſed lips are even aſhamed to utter. Thou mad'ſt me free, but I have loſt my freedome by my rebellion: Thou mad'ſt me like thy ſelfe, but I have blurred thine image by my ſin: Thou mad'ſt me cleane and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou mad'ſt me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy diſhonour: Thou madeſt me a Man, but I have made my ſelfe a worme and no man. Lord I ſee the *miſery* of my owne condition, and without thy mercy I am worſe than nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compaſſion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord thou haſt promiſed *joy* to thoſe that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that mourne; In full aſſurance of thy gracious promiſe, upon my bended knees, I humbly ſue for thy ſeaſonable performances: Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights *ſorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *chear* me in the *morning*: Let me not *grieve* like thoſe that goe into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the world pleaſe me, nor the dead pleaſures of the earth rejoyce me: Make

me

me a willing Priſoner to my *grief*, untill thou pleaſe to ſhew thy ſelfe the God of conſolation. Sanctifie my *ſorrows* to me, and direct my *mourning* to the right object. Open the floud-gates of mine eyes, that I may *weepe* bitterly for my *offences*; Diſſolve my head into a tide of *tears*, that thou maiſt waſh away the *filth* of my *corruptions*: Let nothing ſtop the current but the aſſurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-ſhine of thy *favour*. Accept, O God, of this wet ſacrifice of *tears*, and let my groaning be a *peace-offering* for my treſpaſſes. Looke at thy right hand, and for his ſake that ſits there, grant theſe my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promiſe and his merits, that my *ſad ſoule* being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endleſſe *comfort*, and thy Name *eternall Glory*.

S. Greg.

To conſider what dolours deſerve to be made the puniſhment of diſobedience, will much abate thoſe ſorrowes that we have for any affliction.

The Serpents Subtilty.

WHat *miſerable* dignity belongs unto the *honourable* name of *man*! What *ſad* Prerogatives pertain to that *unhappy* Generation of *Mankinde*! Ah, what is man but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heape of ſelfe corrupted *earth*? created to *happineſſe*, borne to *ſorrow*: And what is *Mankinde*, but a tranſitory ſucceſſion of *Miſery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entaild from Generation to Generation? Each particular man is the ſhort and ſad ſtory of *Mankinde*, written by his own deare experience, in a more favourable ſtile, wherein every one is naturally inclined to ſpare himſelfe, and hide his nakedneſſe among the *ſhades*; where being loſt, he ſeekes himſelfe *unſound*, or findes himſelfe *unknowne*, or knowes himſelfe moſt miſerable: The Devill appeared not as a *Lyon*; ſtrength could not conſtrain an *upright* ſoule: Hee appeared not as a *Dragon*; feare could not compell a *dauntleſſe* Spirit: But he appeared a *Serpent*, to inſinuate and creepe into the boſome of his ſoft affections. How often is this ſtory acted by me the *miſerableſt* of *Adams* ſonnes? Behold how the forbidden *Tree* of *vaine delights* ſtands laden with her pleaſant *fruites*: See how the *Serpent* twiſts and winds, and tempts the *weaker veſſel* of my *body*, which having yielded, taſtes and tempts my

His Defeat.

my *better part*! Which done, what *nakednesse*, what ſhame preſents before my guilty eyes? What ſlight excuſes, (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakednesſe, my ſhame? And when the *voyce* of my crying *conſcience* calls mee in the *cool* of my luſt; O how I ſtart, and tremble, and ſeeke for *covert* among the Trees? where being found at laſt and queſtion'd, my ſoule accuſes the *infirmity* of my body; my body accuſes that *Serpentine temptation*; ſo that all three being partners in *ſinne*, are ſad partakers of the *puniſhment*. Thus every minute, O my ſoule, art thou *ſurprized*; thus every moment doth this twiſting *ſerpent* tempt and *overcome* thy *frailty*: Thus every minute are eternall deaths ſtill multiplyed upon thee? What hopes haſt thou in thy *collapſed* eſtate to overcome that *ſerpent*, which *Adam* in his *perfection* did not conquer?

Cheare up, my ſoule, there is a *Champion* found ſhall curb this *Serpents* power, and Heaven hath ſpoke it,

The ſeed of the woman ſhall breake the Serpents head, Gen. 3. 15.

His

His Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of peace ſhall bruiſe Satan under your feet ſhortly.

1 John 3. 8.

For this purpoſe the Sonne of God was manifeſted, that he might deſtroy the works of the Devil.

Reve. 17. 14.

He ſhall make war with the Lambe, and the Lambe ſhall overcome him.

Epheſ 6. 16.

Above all things take the ſhield of Faith wherewith ye ſhall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chryſoſt. ſuper Matth.

He forced him not; he touched him not; onely ſaid, Caſt thy ſelfe down; *that we may know, whoſoever obeyeth the Devill, caſteth himſelfe down: for the Devill may ſuggeſt, compell he cannot.*

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt; Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo oft we overcome him; ſo often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who propoſeth us, that we may contend; and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

His

His Soliloquie.

MAn by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*: Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodnesse* is turned to necessary *evill*. The whole *Masse* is *corrupted*, and lies in the same condition it made it selfe, but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite wisdome (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*, drawing what handfulls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest he left to it selfe: As it had been no *injustice* in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it selfe; so it was an inscrutable *mercy* to draw out some part out of that selfe-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soule, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy businesse is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*: But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*; But how shall it *appeare* by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree: Examine thy heart; Dost thou finde there a *love* to God for his *owne sake*, and a *love* to thy Neighbour for *Gods sake*? and to both for *obedience sake*? Go thy wayes, thou art in the *Will*; and the *seed* of the woman hath broke the Serpents *head*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that didſt create mankinde for the *glory* of thy holy Name, and redeemedſt Man being loſt, with the blood of thy onely Son; and haſt preſerved him by thy free mercy, and continuall providence: I a poore ſonne of miſerable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my ſelfe unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies. Lord what am I that thou ſhould'ſt looke upon me? and what is the ſonne of thy handmaid, that thou ſhould'ſt thinke upon him? I know the beſt of all my actions are uncleane, and theſe my very prayers are abomination in thy ſight; My thoughts, my words, nay the whole courſe of my life is *ſinne*, and there is nothing in me which deſerves not *death*: Yet Lord, even for the altars ſake on which I offer up this ſinfull ſacrifice, loath not the Prayers of my polluted lips, nor ſtop thy eares againſt my ſad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *ſinne* can make me, and deſerve what curſe thy *wrath* can lay upon me; I brought *corruption* from the wombe, and ſuckt *Rebellion* from the very breaſt; My life is nothing but a *Trade* of ſinne, wherein I hourely heape unto my ſelfe wrath againſt the day of wrath, that inſomuch were thou not more mercifull than I am or can be to my ſelfe I had beene now roaring under thy *injuſtice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*: Lord, I am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*: The *old Serpent*

Serpent continually *beſieges* me, and theſe-bleneſſe of my *old man* cannot *reſiſt* him. Ariſe, O God, and cruſh thy enemy and mine, whoſe fury through my confuſion aims at thy diſhonour. Let the *ſeed of the woman* quicken in my ſoule, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it, *brake the Serpents head*, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart that I may grieve for the time paſt; give me water from the ſpring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death: Strengthen the *new man* in me, and let the power of the *old man* languiſh daily, that being confident in thy promiſe, I may be ſenſible of thy *performance*; and being freed by thy *power*, I may be filled with thy *praiſe*, and glorifie thy Name for ever and for ever.

S. Gregory

Holy Job was more Satans torture, than Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambroſ:

It is neceſſary that the perverſe ſinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, ſhould be tormented with eternall punishment.

The

The Sinners Poverty.

WHerein doth this my *naturall* State excell a beaſt? In what one thing? Am I not worſe? their outward ſenſes are more *perfect*, my inward ſenſes are *leſſe pure*. Their *naturall Inſtinct* deſires good, and chooſes it; but my *perverted Will* ſees good, and yet declines it. They eat being ſatisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *ſurfeit*. They ſleepe ſecure from *feares* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *Providence*: I truſting to my ſelfe, want through my *Improvidence*. The worthleſſe *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the ſilly *Sheepe* repoſed in their warme fleeces, but I have nothing to cover my *nakedneſſe*, nothing to hide my *ſhame*. Naked I was borne into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my owne, or if I have, it is loſt with the deſire of having. I looke into my *ſoule*, and can finde nothing there but the *abſence* of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Underſtanding*, and there I find nothing but *darkneſſe*: I ſearch into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perverſeneſſe*: I examine my *affections*, and there I find nothing but *diſorder*: I view my *diſpoſition* and there I find nothing but *diſtemper*. What I had, I have not, and what I want

His Relief.

want I cannot gaine. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly looſe it, for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any *good* which I had *loſt*, I keep it not, for want of *wiſdome* how to *uſe* it. When I call my *conſcience* to account, mine owne ſoule is brib'd againſt me; and when I call my courſe of *life* to queſtion, my frailties flatter me. If the ſenſe of miſery ſhould force me to my forgotten prayers, I faulter, and my *diſtraction* denies me *utterance*; Or if my hopefull thoughts permit my formall lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my *guilt* deſpaires of *entrance*; Or if a flaſh of *zeale* ſhould wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almighties eares, my unrepented *ſinnes* forbids them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lockt againſt me, and the *keyes* are loſt by my neglect: My *ſighs* want ſtrength to ſhoot the lock, nor can my ſtronger *groanes* enforce the portalls open.

Cheare up, my ſoule, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the keeper far; Call him and thou ſhalt heare him ſay.

Aſk, and thou ſhalt have; ſeeke, and thou ſhalt find; knock, and it ſhall be opened to thee, Luke 11.9.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 7. 11.

IF you being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things unto them that ask him?

John. 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt aske of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall aske by prayer believing ye shall receive.

James. 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdome, let him aske it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

S. Bernard.

It is easier that heaven and earth should passe, than if thou seeke God, not to find him; or than if thou aske, not to receive; or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ; having therefore all things in him, I seeke no other reward, for he is the universall reward.

His

His Soliloquie.

CAnst thou, O my soule, wonder at thy wants, when thou wanteſt *Him* that is the onely *ſupplyer* of all *wants*? The *beaſt* performs his duty, and (made for thy ſervice) *ſerves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtaines it. The *Fowls* of the aire (being pinched with hunger) caroll forth their ſweet *Hoſannaes*, and are filled, and then returne muſicall *hallelu jahs*. Canſt thou, my ſoule, expect *ſupplies* like them, and uſe leſſe means than they? Come thou art worth many *ſparrows* (were not five ſold for a farthing?) The blood of Jeſus is thy *price*, and for his ſake all things are thine. Shall *beaſts* for their own ſakes be *ſupplyed*, and ſhalt thou in the *Name* of Jeſus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *aſk*, *ſeeke*, and *knock* in vain? I, but my tongue is ſlow. Was not *Moſes* the man of God ſo? When I *ſeeke*, my *luſt* diverts me, and I am loſt. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his loſt ſheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong* doore. Fear not when thou knock'ſt with a right heart; He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the eare will *heare thee*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knoweſt what to give, than I to ask, and with-holdeſt no good thing from him that ſeekes thee with an upright heart, I a poore ſuiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truely ſenſible of mine own defects, and timorouſly conſcious of my evil deſerts, do here even caſt my ſelfe on thy gracious providence. And ſince, O Lord, thou haſt commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers, which a poore ſinner emboldned by thy promiſe, preſents before thee; by whoſe free favour I have received whatſoever I have obtained, and by mine own folly loſt whatſoever I had received. Give me a cleare ſight of my own *poverty*; ſhew me the poverty of mine own *relief*, that ſo I may forſake the broken reed of my own *power*, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe in the comfort of thy *promiſe*. Lord thou haſt commanded me to *ask*, but my ſinnes cry louder than my ſuites; Thou haſt commanded me to *ſeeke*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou haſt commanded me to *knock*, but Satan holds my hands. Lord let the blood of my bleſſed Saviour ſtop the mouth of my crying *ſinnes*: Let his full ſatisfaction take away my guilt: Bind him in chains that captivates my *power*: Teach me to ask that haſt commanded me to

ask;

ask; Thou that haſt commanded me to *ſeeke*, direct me, and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand: Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I ſhould; Grant me prudence, that I may *ſeeke* where I ſhould; Give me providence, that I may *knock* when I ſhould: Let not my faintneſſe in *asking* teach thee to deny: Let not my fooliſhneſſe in *ſeeking* tempt me to deſiſt: Let not my unſeaſonableneſſe in *knocking* ſtrike me with deſpaire: Give me a fervent Faith, that I may ask with confidence: a conſtant hope, that I may *ſeeke* with courage: an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with conſtancie: Let me *ask* like the importunate woman, till I obtaine thee: Let me *ſeeke* like thy bleſſed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the ſinfull Publican, till thou open to me, that having *found* thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels,

S. Aug.

An evill Conſcience cannot hope.

Idem.

No praiſes heale an ill Conſcience, nor does any raillerie wound a good one.

The

The Faithfull mans Fear.

DO this and live: Some comfort yet remaines; though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned, *Do this and live*: But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my *power* do? Will not the best of my *endeavour* serve? No, he that's perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas, if life depend upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy unability for the *work* propheſies the impoſſibility of the *reward*. My ſoule, thou art become a legall debter, and the utmoſt *farthing* is expected: Thou canſt neither pay the *debt* nor hide thee from thy Creditour: What wilt thou doe? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own hand will condemne thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy owne *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *Mercy*? Thy owne *rebellion* will diſmay thee. My ſoule, what *ſecurity* wilt thou put in? Or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flie? O flatter not thy ſelfe and put not the *evill day* from thee. Thou haſt not onely *not done what thou ſhouldeſt, but thou haſt done what thou ſhouldeſt not.* Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Creation*, by diſobeying thy Creatour: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Re-

His Crown.

deemer: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *ſanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit: Thou haſt ſinned againſt Gods *judgements*, by thy preſumption: Thou haſt ſinned againſt his *mercies*, by thy deſpaire: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *conſcience*, by thy rebellion: Thou haſt ſinned againſt *Providence*, by thy diſtruſt. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *ſinnes*, and every ſinne brings in a *Faggot* to thy *execution*. O my ſoule, behold the *miſery* of thy eſtate, and tremble: Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder: Tremble, for he is a God to puniſh thine *iniquities*: Wonder, for he is become a man to bear thy *iniquities*: Tremble, for thou art not able to doe his *Commands*: Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canſt doe. Will not the frailty of thy fleſh permit thee to doe? let the faithfulneſſe of thy heart encline thee to deſire: *Do* what thou canſt, & *beleive* what thou canſt not.

Cheare up my ſad ſoule, for he that hath conſidered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulneſſe of thy heart; who ſaith,

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life. Rev. 2. 10.

His

His Proofs.

Well done good and faithfull ſervant, thou haſt been fatithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord. Matth. 25.21

So then, they that be of faith, are bleſſed with the faithfull Abraham. Gal.3.9.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteouſneſſe, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, ſhall give me at that day.

James 1. 12.

Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tryed he ſhall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promiſed to them that love him.

Bernard.

O onely ſafe fight, which for and with Chriſt is undertaken; in which the Chriſtian Souldier neither wounded, nor overthrown, nor trodden under foot, no nor ſlain, can loſe the victory, if he manfully ſtand to it, and do not betake himſelf to a ſhamefull flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatſoever rageth againſt the Name of Chriſt is tollerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it haſteneth the receiving of our glorious reward; for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, paſſeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

His Soliloquie.

STand not, O my ſoule, upon the *legges* of a ſinner, but flie into the *armes* of thy Saviour, and what thou canſt not purchaſe by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe: Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jeſus will juſtifie thy payment: Truſt not in thy ſelfe, leſt thou be deceived by thy ſelfe. Doſt thou, O my ſoule, deſire faith? *Renounce* thy ſelfe. Wouldeſt thou preſerve thy faith? Condemn thy ſelfe: Thy way to faith is *from* thy ſelfe: Is thy ſoule darke? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven ſhut? Faith unlocks it: Is the way *dangerous*? Faith *ſecures* it: Is thy heart timerous? Faith emboldens it: Is death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the Crowne of life difficult? Faith obtaines it: *Be thou faithfull unto death*, and I will give thee the *Crowne of life*. Fear not thy weakneſſe, O my ſoule, it ſhall not be to thee according to thy workes, but faith: If thy good workes cannot ſave thee before faith, then evill workes cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crownes thy good workes, crownes his own *gifts*, ſo he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Caſt Anchor here my ſoule, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

The Prayer.

MOst glorious God in respect of whom the very Angels are impure; before whom the Cherubims do veile their blushing faces, I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall down before the footstoole of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinnefull prayers: If thou shouldst weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touchstone of thy sacred Laws, the vialls of thy wrath would poure upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect; the best of all my words deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers, are sinne. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed mee: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me; I have sinned against my sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me; I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me: The whole practise of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evill and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce my selfe O God, and utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands:

In thy goodneſſe, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I ſeeke for refuge: Grant me the power to do what thou commandeſt, and then command me what thou pleaſeſt. Crucifie the fleſh within me, and deliver my ſoule from the ſpirit of bondage: Free me, O Lord, from the oldneſſe of the letter, that I may ſerve thee hereafter in the newneſſe of the ſpirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be loſt in thy Rememberance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy ſight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbeliefe, and kindle in my ſoule the fire of devotion: Quicken my ſpirit with a lively faith; Lord, I believe, Lord help my unbelief, that ſo being faithfull to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promiſe.

Sen.

The greateſt ſafety is to feare nothing but God. Nothing ſhould ſtartle a wiſe courage but the cloſe remembrance of an evil life.

The Fearfull mans Conflict.

HOw potent are the infirmities of fleth and bloud! How weake is *Natures* ſtrength! How ſtrong her weakneſſe! How is my eaſie faith abus'd by my deceitfull ſenſe! How is my *Underſtanding* blinded with deluding *Errour*! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good*! If reall good preſent it ſelfe, how purblind is mine *eye* to view it! if viewd, how dull is my *Underſtanding* to apprehend it! If apprehended, how heartleſſe is my *judgement* to allow it! If allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to chooſe it! If choſen, how fickle are my *reſolutions* to retain it! No ſooner are my reſolutions fixed upon a courſe of *Grace*, but nature checks at my *Reſolves*; no ſooner checkt, but ſtraight my will rpents her choice, my *Judgement* recalls her *ſentence*, my *Underſtanding* miſtruſts her *light*; and then my *Senſe* calls Fleſh and Blood to counſell, which wants no *arguments* to breake me off. The difficultie of the *Journey* daunts me; the ſtraightneſſe of the *Gate* diſmayes me; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me; the *loſſe* of worldly pleaſure here deterres me; the *loſſe* of earthly honour there diſſwades me; here the ſtrictneſſe of *Religion* damps me, there the worlds *contempt* diſheartens me; here the feare of my *preferment* diſcourages me: Thus is my yeelding

His Prize.

ſenſe aſſaulted with my conquering *doubts*: Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *feares*: whence it happly ranſom'd by ſome good *motion*, the Devill preſents me with a beadroll of my *Offences*: The fleſh ſuggeſts the neceſſity of my ſinne, the World objects the foulneſſe of my ſhame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodneſſe of my God, the *abuſe* of his mercy weakens my truſt, the *ſlighting* of his goodneſſe hardens my heart againſt my hopes. With what an *hoſt* of enemies art thou beſieged, my ſoule! How, how art thou beleaguer'd withcontinuall fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthineſſe* cry down the hopes of all compaſſion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the conſciouſneſſe of thy own demerits, and thou art taken priſoner, and bound in the horrid chains of ſad deſpaire.

But cheare up my ſoule, and turne thy fears to wonder and thankſgiving; truſt in him that ſaith,

Feare not little flock, for it is your fathers good pleaſure to give you a Kingdome, Luke 12.32.

His

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

HE hath delivered us from the power of darkneſſe, and tranſlated us into the Kingdome of his deare Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we muſt through many tribulations enter into the Kingdome of God.

James 2. 5.

Hath not God choſen the poore of this world, that they ſhould be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdome which he promiſed to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdome, as my Father appointed me.

Auguſt.

Though we labour in a boiſterous Sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and ſteereſt our courſe betweene Scylla and Charybdis; ſo that, both dangers eſcaped, we ſhall at length arrive at our Port ſecure.

Macar.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer, and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miſerable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wreſtle with miſeries, by which contention honour is obtained.

His Soliloquie.

HAst thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my ſoule, and haſt thou ſo much boldneſſe to expect his *Kingdome*? Conſult with *Reaſon*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jeſus* whom thou crucifiedſt even making *Interceſſion* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of Glory. Behold the *greatneſſe* of thy Creatour veild with the *goodneſſe* of thy Redeemer; the juſtice of a firſt perſon qualified by the mercy of a ſecond; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it ſelfe with the *humane* in one *Emanuel*; a perfect *Man* to ſuffer a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *perſon*, at the ſame inſtant, able and willing to give, and take a perfect *ſatisfaction* for thee. O my ſoule, a wonder above wonders! an *incomprehenſibility* above all admiration! a depth paſt finding out! Under this ſhaddow, O my ſoule refreſh thy ſelfe: If thy ſinnes feare the hand of juſtice, behold thy ſanctuary; If thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*; If thy creditour threaten a priſon, behold thy bail; Behold the *Lambe* of God that hath taken thy ſinnes from thee: Behold the *bleſſed* of Heaven and Earth that hath prepared a Kingdom for thee. Be raviſh'd, O my ſoule; O bleſſe the name of *Elohim*; O bleſſe the name of our *Emmanuel*, with praiſes and eternall Halelujahs.

His

His Prayer.

GReat Shepherd of my ſoule, whoſe life was not too deare to reſcue me, the meaneſt of thy little flock; caſt down thy gracious eye upon the weakneſſe of my nature, and behold it in the ſtrength of thy compaſſion: open mine eyes that I may ſee that object which fleſh cannot behold; Enlighten mine underſtanding that I may clearly diſcerne that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend; Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently reſolve thoſe doubts, which my underſtanding cannot determine; Sanctifie my will, that I may wiſely chooſe that good, which my deceived heart cannot deſire; Fortifie my reſolution, that I may conſtantly embrace that choice, which my inconſtancy cannot hold; Weaken the ſtrength of my corrupted nature, that I may ſtruggle with my luſts, and ſtrive againſt the baſe rebellions of my fleſh; Strengthen the weakneſſe of my dejected ſpirit, that I may conquer my ſelfe, and ſtill withſtand the aſſaults of mine own corruption; Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keepe my deſires within the limits of thy will; Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes reſt in the aſſurance of thy favour; Let not the feare of worldly loſſe diſmay me, nor let the loſſe of the worlds favour daunt me: Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly griefe, and let the love of thee expell all carnall feare: Let the

multitudes

multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions; and let the reproachfulnesse of that death which thy Sonne suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake: Let not my sinne against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sinne; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits: Let not the foulnesse of my transgressions lead me to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despaire. Fix in my heart a filiall love, that I may love thee as a Father, and remove all servile feare from me, that thou mayest behold me as a sonne. Be thou my all in all, and let me feare nothing but to displease thee; That being freed from the feare of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulnesse of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting Kingdome.

Cassian.

Humane feare breedeth distrust, but the divine does great advantages to our hope.

S. Greg.

No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.

The

The Plague affrighted mans Danger.

HOw is the *language* of death heard in every ſtreet, which by continuall *Paſſingbels* proclaimes mortality in every eare! How many at this inſtant lie groaning in their ſick beds, and mark'd for death, whilſt others that lived yeſterday are now laid out for evening buriall! How many that are now ſtrong, and healthfull, and laying up for many years, are deſtined for the enlargement of the next weekes Bill! How many are now preparing to ſecure their lives by flight, who whileſt they runne from *tyranny* of their feares, flie into the very boſome of danger! What *aire*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promiſe ſafety? What ſhield can guard the angry Angels blow? What Rhetorick can perſwade the heaven-commanded Meſſenger to ſlacke the fury of his reſolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can ſee it? It is a *terrour* that ſtrikes by night; and who can eſcape it? It is the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſſe; and who can ſhun it? The ſtrength of youth is no priviledge againſt it; The ſoundneſſe of a *conſtitution* is no exemption from it; The ſovereignty of *drugs* cannot reſiſt it; Where it liſts, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods Artillery, and like himſelfe reſpects no perſons. The rich mans *coffers* cannot bribe it: The skilfull *artiſt*

His Deliverance.

tist cannot prescribe against it; The black *Magician* cannot charme it. My soule, into what a calamity art thou plung'd? With what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered? What opposition canst thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort hast thou in that life, which every minute threatens? What pleasure tak'st thou in that breath, which draws and whiffs perpetuall feares? What art thou other but a man condemn'd, expecting execution? And how is the bitternesse of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sicknesse whose distraction tooke not away the means of preparation, it were an easie *calamity*; were it a sicknesse, whose contagion dissolv'd not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but halfe a misery; But as it is sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortlesse?

Sinke not beneath thy feares, my soule; Thy deliverance is Gods *royalty*, and under his wings is thy salvation; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee,

Neither shall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling. Plal. 91. 10.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 91. 1,2,3,4,5.

Whoſo dwelleth in the ſecret of the moſt High, ſhall abide in the ſhadow of the Almighty: Surely he will deliver thee from the ſnare of the hunter, and from the noiſome Peſtilence; he will cover thee under his wings, and thou ſhalt be ſure under his feathers: his truth ſhall be thy ſhield and thy buckler.

Thou ſhalt not be afraid of the Arrow that flieth by day, nor of the Plague that deſtroyeth at noone day; A thouſand ſhall fall at thy ſide, and ten thouſand at thy right hand, but it ſhall not come neare thee.

Giſten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ.

O happy ſickneſſe, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that, God may be glorified by it! O happy Fever, that procee eth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but onely ſavoureth divine nourishment!

Greg. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdome, with how ſweet an Art doth thy Wine and Oyle reſtore health to my healthleſſe ſoule! How powerfully merciſull how mercifully powerfull, art thou! powerfull for me, mercifull to me.

His

His soliloquie.

AND can the noyse of death, O my soule, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *passing bels* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgments of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parishclark more move thee, than the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others, more startle thee, than many plagues denounced upon thy selfe? Be wise, my soule, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; Be afraid of *sinne*, and thou needest not feare the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? Flie from it; But whither? Under the wings of the Almighty: But thy sinnes deny protection there; Then naile them to thy Saviours *Crosse*: Fearest thou yet? O my soule, hast thou so long, hast thou long subsisted under thine owne *protection*, and darest thou not venture under his! Can there be a Sanctuary more secure? A protection more safe? Fearest thou death under the wings of life? Or danger under the *shaddow* of the Almighty? But the suddennesse of that death denies preparation: His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort: When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His

His Prayer.

LOrd, in whoſe hands are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciouſly incline thy tender eare, and mercifully heare the ſupplications of thy ſervant who hath no hope but in thy goodneſſe, and no comfort but in thy promiſes. My hainous ſinnes, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly ſenſible of thy ſore diſpleaſure: Thy judgments are come abroad amongſt us, and the vials of thy conſuming wrath are poured out upon us: The ſinnes of our Nation have cryed to thee for vengeance, and thou haſt viſited us with great mortality: Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turne us, O Lord that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the ſorrow and contrition of thy ſervants, and ſay unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortreſſe, O God, and give me confidence to repoſe under the ſhadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler and my ſhield. Defend me from the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſſe: Deliver me from deſtruction that waſteth at noon day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy wayes. Prepare me, O Lord, againſt the houre of death, and ſtrengthen my ſoule in the aſſurance of thy Mercy; Humble my heart

heart with the true ſenſe of my tranſgreſſions, and work in my ſoule an unfeigned Repentance: Enlarge mine eyes that I may weepe day and night, for grieving and offending ſo gracious a Father: Wean me from the truſt of all tranſitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily die in me. Take from me the immoderate feare of death, and train me, O God, for the day of my diſſolution: Inſtruct and rectifie my vaine deſires, that all my wiſhes may ſtand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort, that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgements to hate ſinne, and let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love. Be gracious to thoſe whom thou haſt mark'd for death, and ſeale in their hearts the aſſurance of thy favour, that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred our dayes in wiſdom, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlaſting.

S. Aug.

That muſt not be thought an evill death with follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evill death, but that which comes after death.

The perſecuted mans Miſery.

ARe theſe the *gaines* of godlineſſe? Are theſe the wages of a holy life; Hath the ungratefull world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creatour*, but *ſcorn*, *contempt*, and *perſecution*? Whileſt I priz'd the World, I wanted nothing that the World calls *good*; neglected honour followed me; unſought for pleaſure coveted me; unpurchaſed *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wiſh that happineſſe I had not; I could not want the happineſſe earth had: Nothing was too *deare*; Nothing was too *pretious*. Thus whil'ſt I prz'd the *World*, the World priz'd me: If I were ſad, her mirthfull ſmiles would cheare me; If ſick, her mournfull ſonnes would *viſit* me; If wearie, her wanton *lap* would dandle me; where rock'd into a *ſlumber*, I dream'd, all this was but a *dreame*; and waking, found it ſo: Not willing to be fed with *ſhadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding earth too *ſtrait* for my deſires, I caſt mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *minde*, even there I fixed. The jealous earth grew angry, frowned and called me foole; with-drew her *honours*, with-held her *pleaſures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live deſpiſed, contemned, and poore. O ſad condition of mankind! How plauſible

are

are his wayes to death! and how unpleaſant are his paths to *life*! No ſooner had I made a *Covenant with my God*, but the world made a Covenant againſt me, ſcandall'd my *name*, ſlandred my *actions*, derided my *ſimplicity*, deſpiſed my *integrity*: for my *Profeſſions* ſake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me: If I chaſtned my ſoule with *faſting*, it ſtil'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*; If I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the ſtile of *Puritane*: I am become a *ſtranger* to my brethren, and an *Alien* to my mothers ſonne: I go mourning all the day long, and my boſome-friends are eſtranged from me: They afflict my body with open *puniſhment*, and make a paſtime of my affliction. They that ſit in the Gate ſpeake evill of me, and Drunkards make their Songs againſt me.

But be thou not diſmaid, my ſoule, nor let the arme of fleſh diſcourage thee: Thy *Perſecutions* here, are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradiſe* hereafter: He that is born of the fleſh, inherits the *Pleaſures* of the World; But thou that art borne of the Spirit, heare what the Spirit ſaith,

Bleſſed are they that are perſcuted for my name ſake, for theirs is the kingdome of Heaven, Mat. 5. 10.

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, & shall revile you, and cast out your name as evill, for the Son of mans sake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousnesse sake, happy are ye, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matth. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternall life.

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be encreased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will he adde to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de prov.

Our life is a warefare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustaine the greatest labours; for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His

His Soliloquie.

HE that ſhall weigh the *gaine* of Godlineſſe by the *Scales* of the World; or the pleaſures of the Earth by the *Ballances* of the Sanctuary, ſhall upon a review, find a bad *Market*. Thinkſt thou, my ſoule, to be made happy by the ſmiles of earth? or unhappy by her frowns? When ſhe fawns upon thee, ſhe *deludes* thee; when ſhe kiſſes thee, ſhe *betrays* thee: She brings the *Butter* in a Lordly diſh, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Truſt not her *flattery*, O my ſoule; nor let her *malice* move thee: Her muſick is thy *Magick*; Her ſweetneſſe is thy *ſnare*. She is the *highway* to eternall death; If thou love her, thou haſt begun thy journey; If thou honour her, thou mendſt thy pace; If thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end: When *ſhe* diſtaſts thee, *Chriſt* reliſhes in thee; When ſhe *afflicts* thee, God *inſtructs* thee: When ſhe locks her *Gates* againſt thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when ſhe *diſdaines* thee, God *honours* thee; when ſhe *forſakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when ſhe *perſecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou then diſquieted my ſoule, and why is thy ſpirit troubled within thee? truſt thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, flie to him by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O moſt bleſſed and glorious Spirit, in whoſe eyes the Saints are precious, who putteſt all their teares into thy Bottle, and in the midſt of all their ſorrowes ſendſt comfort to thy Elect, behold my ſufferings, and reguard my ſorrowes; Let not thine enemies triumph and make a ſcorne of him that feares thee: Strengthen me O God to maintain thy Cauſe, leſt they that perſecute me, thinke there is no God. Thou knoweſt my reproach and ſhame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Ariſe, O God, and plead thy Cauſe, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to heare the voice of joy and gladneſſe, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciouſly deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleaſed to releaſe me, and courage to beare what thy wiſdome ſhall permit: Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my fleſh diſturbe me; Let not the ſuggeſtions of Satan deter me, nor the threatnings of man divert me. Preſerve my footſteps in the wayes of thy truth, and keep me truely conſtant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be ſufficient for me. Seaſon my heart with the ſenſe of thy love, and

and ſtrengthen my Faith in all my Trialls. Give me an inward thankfulneſſe O God, that thou haſt made me worthy to ſuffer for thy Name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be mercifull to them that hate me, and do good to thoſe that perſecute me; Open their eyes, that they may ſee thy Truth, and turne their hearts, that they may feare thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou farre from me, and ſanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord in the multitude of thy mercies heare me, and in the truth of thy ſalvation helpe me; that I confeſſing thee here before the children of men with an undaunted reſolution, I may be enrold in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodneſſe, and hereafter reigne in the Kingdome of Glory in thy Eternity.

S. Cryſoſt.

To ſuffer patiently is a greater gift than to raiſe the dead.

Caſſian.

They make free-will offerings to God, that in the midſt of their ſufferings give thanks.

The

The Sinners Accompt.

HOw I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common ſtreame of frail mortality runne into the *dead Sea* of everlaſting death! How ſoundly I can ſleepe in the wanton lap of treacherous Security, untill I wake diſarm'd of all my ſtrength, and turne a prey to that falſe *Philiſtine* that ſeeks my ſoul! When I call to mind the *courſe* that I have runne, and ſet to view the *ſteps* that I have trod, how eaſilie can I excuſe my failings, and ſet them on the ſcore of miſerable *Adam*! But when I ſeriouſly conſider whoſe *Law* I have offended, and ſtrictly examine my actions by that Law, and juſtly proportion my *punishment* to thoſe actions, O then I ſtand and tremble, and am ſwallowed up with *deſpaire*: O then my ſinnes appeare too great for *pardon*, and my puniſhment too great for *patience*. Which way ſoever I turne, I turne to my diſquiet; Looke where I will, I view my own diſcomfort; Look up, I ſee a dreadfull *God*; Looke downe, I ſee a direfull *Devill*: Looke forwards, I ſee a *Roll* of ſinnes; Looke backwards, I ſee a roaring *Conſcience*: Looke on my right hand, I ſee my bold *Preſumption*; Looke on my left hand, I ſee my baſe *deſpaire*: Looke within me, I ſee my own *Corruption*; Looke about me, I ſee nothing but *Con-*

His Quietus est.

fusion. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse mee; I have sinned upon *weakenesse*, weakenesse will not plead for me; I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me; I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me; What canst thou say, my soule, that *Sentence* of death should not be given against thee? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sinne? Can the *teares* of thine eye scoure the *stains* of thy soule? can the *sighs* of a *finite* Creature satisfie for the *offences* against an *infinite* Creatour? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; and what canst thou do towards thy own salvation?

Prostrate thy selfe, my soule: Behold thy *misery*, and bewaile thy selfe; renounce thy selfe, abhor thy selfe, flie to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou maist find comfort.

If the wicked shall turne from all his sinnes that he hath committed, and keepe all my Statutes, and doe that which is lawfull and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die. Ezek. 18. 21.

His

His Proofs.

Repent ye therefore, & be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord. Acts 3. 19.

The Lord is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2 Pet. 3. 9.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turne from his way, and live: Turne yee, turne ye from your evill wayes, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damne me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayst save me: Thou wilt not, sweet Jesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my advocate: It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

His Soliloquie.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extremes*, Presumption and Despair: That usurps Gods *mercy* upon false grounds; This excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to pardon: Take heed, O my dejected soule; Plunge not thy selfe in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; Swim not with bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the uglinesse of thy sinne, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour; So when thou discovereſt the disease, thy disease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee: Nothing, O my soule, makes thy sinne too great for mercy, but despaire: this onely excludes *Repentance*, and impenitencie alone makes thee uncapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgivenesse at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Haste therefore, O my soule, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, lest it should prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy present sinne, and God will turne his eyes from thy past sinne: Cry aloud and spare not, lest thy sinne cry aloud, and he spare not. Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an eare.

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy ſelfe moſt glorious, but in thy Sonne moſt gracious; to the rebellious, terrible, but to the penitent mercifull: I the work of thine owne hands, but wholly disfram'd by mine own corruptions, humbly proſtrate my ſinfull ſelfe before the footſtool of thy Mercy-ſeat, totally miſerable through my ſinnes, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt proceed againſt me in thy juſtice, my portion would be no leſſe than eternall death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the converſion of a ſoule, than exerciſe thy juſtice in the confuſion of a Sinner: Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poore wretch that ſtands trembling before the bar of thy Juſtice, and from thence preſumes to appeal to the ſeat of thy mercy; I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater than my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater than mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art moſt juſt, but in ſhewing thy mercy thy Juſtice will be no looſer. Lord, I am miſerable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper ſubject for thy pity; for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-ſufferance, and ſlow to anger, elſe had I now been roaring under thy Juſtice, that am here ſuing for thy mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſinne is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and

the burthen of them is intollerable; I have ſinned againſt a juſt God, I have ſinned againſt a gracious Father; I therefore flie from thee a ſharp revenger, and to thee as a ſweet Redeemer. Remember not thy juſtice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have reſpect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my ſinnes have done againſt me: Waſh my guiltineſſe in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compaſſions behold the multitude of my tranſgreſſions. Pardon what is paſt, and arme me for the time to come, that being purged from my ſinnes, and cleanſed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

Incert.

He that hath good thoughts, from him will flow good words and good actions.

Ambroſ.

Thinkeſt thou that God who gave thee Grace to repent thee of thy Sinnes, will not pardon them after thy Repentance?

Thy

The Sinners Thirſt.

LO, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedom of my Fathers *Table*, could now be ſatisfied with the *crumbs* beneath it: I that could cloth me with change of Garments from my Fathers *Wardrobe*, could now be thankfull but for *rags* to hide my nakedneſſe: I that forſooke him like a diſobedient ſonne, would hold it now a happineſſe to be his meaneſt *ſervant*. What ſhall I doe? or whither ſhall I goe? By whoſe charity ſhall I ſubſiſt? My *weakneſſe* will not give me leave to worke; My *unworthineſſe* will not ſuffer me to appeare; nor have I a friend to helpe me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my ſelfe no *ſon*; and being no ſon, how dare my boldneſſe call him Father? I have offended him, and who ſhall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who ſhall make my peace? I have forſaken him, and who ſhall reſtore me to him? Can I expect a *Bleſſing* from him I have offended? Can I preſume of *favour* from him I have ſo grieved? Can I deſerve a Birthright from him I have forſaken? O my ſoule, how! how haſt thou beſtaved thy ſelfe, and loſt that freedome without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly loſt? Thou haſt loſt that Father that was wont to *bleſſe* thee: Thou haſt left that Lord that was pleaſed to

His Soliloquie.

governe thee: Thou haſt renounc'd that Saviour that *redeem'd* thee; and onely haſt reſerv'd a God to puniſh thee, a Judge to *ſentence* thee: Thou haſt loſt thoſe bleſſings by thy contempt, which thou canſt not regain with the price of thy *tears*: Thou haſt quencht that Spirit, whereby thou hadſt the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Satan: Thou haſt diverted the current of that *Fountain*, whoſe water ſatisfied thy full deſires. O my ſad ſoule, how! how wert thou diſtempered, that couldſt not reliſh that which nouriſhed Angels into *immortality*! Why didſt thou not inebriate thy ſelfe with that delicious *ſweetneſſe*, and ark it up like *Iſraels Manna*, to remain with thee and the ſucceeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach thoſe bleſſed *ſtreames* to run, which my ungratefulneſſe hath ſtopt! Or that my prayers could like *Elijahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down thoſe celeſtiall ſhowers to ſlake my thirſt! that I may drink my fill of that immortall *water*.

Take comfort, O my ſoule, thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promiſe;

I will give to him that is athirſt of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely, Rev. 21. 6.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousnesse sake, for they shall be filled.

John. 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him, shall never be more athirst; but the water which I shall give him, shall be in him a water springing up into eternall life.

John 7. 37.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that beleeveth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirst, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy virtue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the staines of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with Heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his onely God.

His Soliloquie.

IT is leſſe danger to want, than to be *unſenſible* of thy wants: Doſt thou want, my ſoule? deſire: Doſt thou deſire? ask: Doſt thou ask? thou ſhalt receive; and what thou ſhalt receive, ſhall ſatisfie thee. Be not troubled: If thy wants caſt thee downe, let thy deſires raiſe thee up. Shall thy naturall wants be confident of ſupply from thy naturall father, and ſhall thy ſpirituall defects deſpaire to be repaired by thy ſpirituall father? How doſt thou injure *Providence*, O my diſtruſtfull ſoule! How doſt thou wrong the God of mercy! How ſlight the God of truth! He that heares the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *lillies* of the field, that neither ſue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee thoſe graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life: Art thou thirſty? he is the water of life: Art thou naked? flie to him, and he will give thee the *righteouſneſſe* of his owne Son. Build upon his promiſe, who is Truth it ſelfe; Rely upon his *Mercy* who is goodneſſe it ſelfe. Art thou a *Prodigall*? yet remember thou art a *Son*: Is he offended? He will not forget he is a Father: Come therefore with a filiall boldneſſe, and he will grant thy hearts deſire.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the wel-ſpring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodneſſe, whoſe promiſes are faithfull, and whoſe word is truth, who heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and healeſt the ruptures of a humble ſpirit, I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, proſtrate my ſelfe before thee, and preſent unto thee the ſad petitions of a penſive breſt; I have ſinned, O Lord, I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and againſt thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne. I have caſt of the yoke of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and caſt them farre from me; I have ſinned againſt thy mercies, and have ſpurn'd againſt thy judgements; Thy judgements have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me: But I acknowledge my trangreſſions, and my ſinnes are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder dayes. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forſaken thee. Cloſe thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine eares at my repentance; Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition; A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe: Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and reſtore me to the joy of thy ſalvation; Eſtabliſh my heart in the love of thy truth, and increaſe in me a Spirituall Thirſt; Make me to under-

ſtand

ſtand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Teſtimonies be my whole delight: As the Hart panteth after the water Brookes, ſo my ſoule longeth for the Wel-ſprings of Life. Lord thou haſt promiſed to anſwer thoſe that call unto thee, to be found by thoſe that ſeeke unto thee, and ſatisfie thoſe that thirſt after thee; make good thy word, O God, and heare my Prayer; Make good thy promiſe, Lord, and be not farre from me: I have ſought thee in thy promiſe, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirſted for thy Grace, O fill me with thy goodneſſe; Open thy Wel-ſprings that I may drinke freely of the waters of life, that my ſoule being ſatisfied in the fulneſſe of thy pleaſures, my mouth may be filled with the ſound of thy praiſes, that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of Glory.

S. Ambroſ.

None can take Chriſt from thee unleſſe thou take him from thy ſelfe.

The

The Goodmans Diſtruſt.

WHen I conſider the *All-ſufficiency* of my God, I dare not queſtion the performance of his *promiſes*; but when I behold the *inſufficiency* of my ſelfe, I cannot but feare the promiſes of his *performance*. When I behold in him the goodneſſe of a Father, my heart grows confident, and I cannot feare; But when I find in me the diſobedience of a *Sonne*, my ſoule grows conſcious, and I dare not hope: When I dive into the depth of my own *Miſery*, I ſearch further, and finde a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am ſecure; But when I finde the freeneſſe of his *mercy* requited with the willfulneſſe of my *Rebellion*, O then my ſoule deſpairs, and thus deſtroyes the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden ſoule to come, and offers *reſt*; Alas, I come, and yet my laden ſoule can finde no *eaſe*: He promiſes eternall life to my Beliefe; but yet he gives me not the power to believe: He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promiſe of ſupply; and yet I ſue, and ſue, and ſtill I ſue in vaine: He promiſes a Comforter to ſtrengthen my Remembrance; yet ſtill my treacherous memory failes me; He promiſes to be a father to the fatherleſſe; yet ſtill my wants perſwade me that I want a father: He promiſes audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn

without

His Satisfaction.

without redreſſe: He promiſes forgiveneſſe to the true repentant; but who ſhall give me power to repent? He promiſes to gather me in mercy, though a while forſaken; yet I have long expected, with a fruſtrate expectation: He promiſes an exaltation to him that is humbled; yet my dejected heart is ſtill ſuppreſt: He promiſed freedome from the ſecond death, to him that conquers; I ſtrive to overcome, yet feel a hell: His promiſe was to guard his Vineyard, and to dreſſe it; yet Foxes deſtroy it, and the wild Bore ſupplants it: He promiſed comfort to all thoſe that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter: He promiſed that the womans ſeed ſhould break the ſerpents head; and yet the Serpent never was more ſtrong: He bid me ſeek, and I ſhould find; and yet alas I ſeek, but can find nothing but my wants: He calls them Bleſſed that ſuffer for his name: yet who more miſerable? He promiſes the Springs of life to him that thirſts; and yet I thirſt to death: My ſoule, what are his promiſes to thee, that art not able to performe thoſe hard conditions that gives thee intereſt to thoſe promiſes?

Chear up my ſoule, and what thou canſt not do, endeavour: He that accepts the *will* for the *deed*, is in his promiſe Yea and Amen.

Heaven and earth ſhall paſſe away, but not one tittle of my word, Mark. 13. 31.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8.56

Bleſſed be the Lord that hath given reſt unto his people, according unto all that he hath promiſed. There hath not failed one word of all his good promiſes which he hath promiſed.

2 Cor.1.20.

For all the promiſes of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10.10.

Know then, that there ſhall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Pſal.119.89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is ſettled in heaven.

Autor ſcalæ Parad.tom.9.Aug.c.8.

Feare not, O Bride, nor deſpaire: think not thy ſelfe contemned if thy Bride-groom withdraw his face a while. All things cooperate for the beſt: both from his abſence and his preſence thou gaineſt light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puffe thee up; he cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned, and being abſent to be more deſired, and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought, and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

His

His Soliloquie.

Wilt thou never, O my diſtruſtfull ſoul, ſubmit thy will unto his will that made thee? Muſt his goodneſſe be alwayes the circumference of thy deſires, and thy pleaſure ſtil the *centre*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promiſed the *ſubſtance* of thy happineſſe, but muſt thou bind him to thy *circumſtances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creatour* be confined to the pleaſure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light my ſoule; the *Independance* of thy exorbitant deſires ſhuts the door upon that *happineſs* thou deſireſt: Art thou covetous of a *bleſſing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *Kingdom*, will firſt make thee capable of a Kingdom: Thou that ſhalt be a *gainer* by his favour, ſhalt be no *looſer* by his delay. Canſt thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not firſt purg'd with the fire of affliction? How often haſt thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruin? God hath promis'd, but hath delayed performance, to exerciſe thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my ſoul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promiſe, but diſtruſt, ſo nothing haſtens the promiſe of his performance but thy prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-ſufficient in thy ſelf, all gracious in thy Son, moſt abſolute in thy purpoſes, and moſt faithfull in thy promiſes; I, the miſerable object of thy mercy, here humbly preſent my ſelfe before thee, the merciſull beholder of my miſery: Lord, wherein have I to truſt but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promiſes? Every ſinne is full of death, and every action is full of ſin, inſomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion againſt thee: But, O my God, thy goodneſſe is like thy ſelf, infinite; and thy mercy is paſt my comprehending. Thou knoweſt that I am evill, and wholly evill, and that continually: Thou knoweſt I am but duſt and aſhes, and the very off-ſpring of corruption, and thy glory is no leſſe magnified in my confuſion, then in my ſalvation: But Lord thou art a gracious God, and takeſt no pleaſure in the death of a diſtreſſed ſinner. Thy merey is over all thy workes, and thy goodneſſe is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion againſt thee, thou reconcileſt thy ſelf to me; when I was utterly loſt, thou redeemedſt me with the innocent blood of thy deare Son; and being redeemed, thou haſt ſanctified me with the freeneſſe of thy Spirit: Thou haſt raiſed me by thy power, and ſtrengthened me by thy promiſes. What ſhall I returne thee, O my God, for thy innumerable mercies?

or

or what kind of recompence can duſt and aſhes make thee? My tongue ſhall ſing the wonders of thy goodneſſe, and praiſe thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and viſit me according to thy wonted kindneſſe: Give me a wiſe heart, that I may give reſpect unto all thy Commandements, and a full confidence in all thy promiſes: Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leaſure. Lord, where I cannot underſtand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot doe, give me power to believe: Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in deſpaire, nor yet the ſenſe of thy indulgent love give me occaſion to preſume, that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy Name.

THE END.

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